

ditions of those most closely concerned. An example of this lies in the account of one of the most important steps in Gladstone's career—his evolution from an Evangelical to a High Churchman. Morley, quoting not from Gladstone's diary but from some of Gladstone's recollections in old age, writes:

One Sunday (May 13) something I know what set me on my singular and occasional visit of the church in the prayer-book.

Sir Philip Magnus, relying on this passage from Morley, writes:

On 13 May 1853 Gladstone was idly examining the *Ornaments Office* in the Church of the Prayer Book. Without realizing his mind was controlled nearly by an earthquake and his

On Sunday (May 13) something, I
sat, set me on examining the occasion
of the church in the prayer-book.
Philip Magnus, relying on the
Mont Morley, writes:

Two pages of letters (38-39); Commentary on page 36; Index of Books Reviewed on back page

the theme. He expresses it as "a disease of self-love." Here is the portrait of Cardinal Manning after three weeks in London—"my life regular, indolent, self-indulgent." By which, I judge, he meant was, and then there is the rather pathetic story of the estimable R. H. Froude aching down to dinner—"I looked with amazement to see if there was a gossip on the subject, though in passing we may note that it is almost nothing about food in

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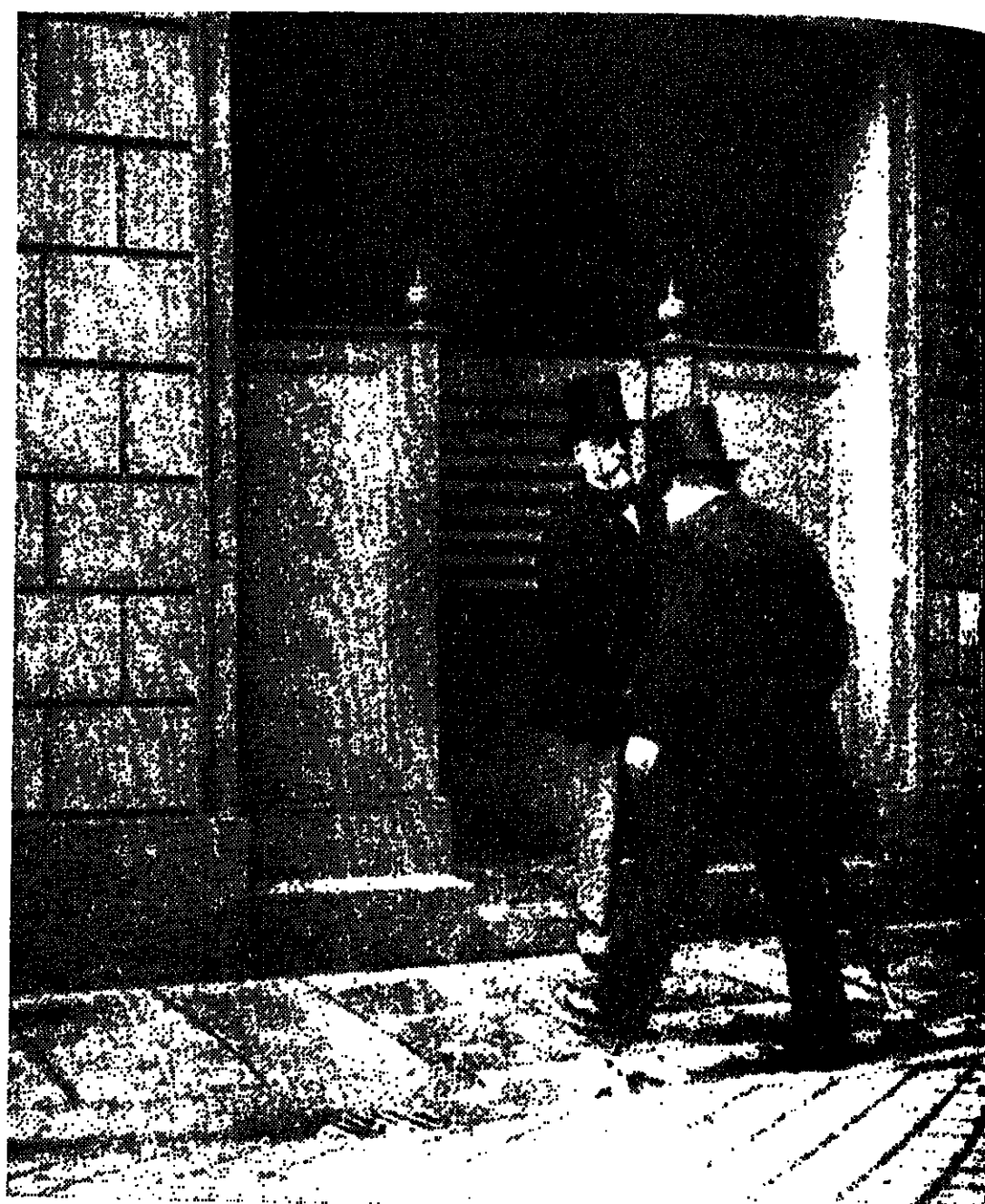
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and white drawings. 70sFor latest catalogue write to the
publishers, Corgi Press, Place,
London S.W.7.XVIe and the XVIIe, as in the Ter
des Halles) and in the XVIIIe, repre-
senting the convergence of the
highest and lowest classes in the
democracy of deviation.There is an interesting appendix,
based on a series of questions put
both to habitual users and to the
underprivileged of the other sex.
From this it emerges that feminine
opinion is remarkably tolerant
towards the existence of these noisy
temples from which they are for ever
excluded but the scent of which they
have to share. There are some small
gems of social observation: one
questioned states he is "Pour", with
the proviso: "A condition qu'on voie
à travers. Le soulagement semble
meilleur à voir les autres continuer
à s'agiter." A taxi-driver is likewise
in the "Pour" camp: "Nécessité
publique, surtout pour nous chauff-
eurs de taxi." Another appendix
contains a standard *procès-verbal*
for "outrage à la pudeur". Perhaps
the numbers are being reduced in
order to release the police for more
important duties.The book is copiously and acutely
illustrated, often by the author him-
self who, at some risk, has photo-
graphed the passing customer, both
before and after. There is little trace
of vulgarity, "la pompe à merde"
is not quoted (but there is something
for the *maître* on page 119) and M.
Maillard has on the whole succeeded
in avoiding the earthy *poisadisme*
of Gabriel Chevalier and Dubut and
the cruel, untimely "humour" of
"le coiffeur". This is not a funny
book, but a melancholy one. It will
be appreciated, nostalgically, by all
those who have known what it was
to experience relief in fraternal
cascading surroundings, with an out-
look on chestnut and plane tree, on
tiny, intimate squares, alongside one's
fellow-men likewise engaged and
with politics briefly forgotten. The
politics are far outside, inside is for
soulagement. The most endearing,
most reassuring view of Paris is that
seen, or rather surprised, through the
starred or heart-shaped slits, from
inside. It is better to look out than
to look in.Debris leaving a *vepasienne* in July 1889. A photograph taken in Paris by Count Giuseppe Primoli. It
reproduced with 260 of Primoli's other photographs in Umberto Vitali's *Un fotografo fin de siècle*, which
is published by Einaudi at 6,500 lire.**NO COUNTRY IS AN ISLAND**F. S. NORTHEDGE (Editor): *The Foreign Policies of the Powers*. 299pp. Faber and Faber. £2 10s.No country is entirely autonomous in
foreign policy. Theoretically, the
policies of each and all are affected
and modified by all the rest. But
in an international system which now
comprises over 120 independent
states, it is obvious that the mutual
impact in most cases is very slight.
A comparatively minor power can
become on occasion the main influ-
ence on the foreign policy of a major
power, as Iran became on Britain
in 1951 and Vietnam on the United
States since 1966, but this is a rare
and temporary phenomenon. For an
impact which is substantial and con-
tinuous and liable to affect the entire
system, one must still look, as always,
at the mutual relations of a small
handful of powers. There are rather
more of them today than a century
ago, but still barely more than half a
dozen. The list covered by Profes-
sor Northedge's excellent symposium
The Foreign Policies of the Powers
comprises seven: the United
States, the Soviet Union, China,
Britain, France, West Germany and
India. Perhaps only Japan might be
said to be missing.In a general introduction which
presents the seven national studies,
Professor Northedge lucidly abstracts
the basic principles of foreign policy
which his colleagues are to illustrate
in particular cases. The starting-
point is the non-autonomous charac-
ter of foreign policy, which puts a
premium on adaptability and impro-
visation rather than long-range plan-
ning. It does not follow that there is
no room for permanent principles. On
the contrary, as Professor Northedge
put it, "a Castlereagh or Bismarck
would be more at home at a modern
Cabinet discussion of international
policy than if prices and income con-
trols were at issue." There is in
effect an endless dialogue between
the powers of continuity and the
powers of change. An interesting
example today is the struggle between
national interest and ideology.
Although Marxists purport to believe
in the primacy of the latter, each suc-cessfully de Gaulle's judgment of the
primacy of the former.
Professor Northedge also rightly
emphasizes the importance of domes-
tic factors in the determination of
foreign policy. These include limita-
tions of resources, political com-
mitments, public opinion and pres-
sure groups. They include even
more than these, for "there is vir-
tually nothing existing within the
borders of a state, from the politics
of the parish pump to the literature
of the nation reads, which does not
have some influence on the postures
its government assumes in international
affairs." True though this is, it ex-
poses Professor Northedge to the
danger of seeking too theoretical a
comprehensiveness in analysis of
domestic influences, which he has
escaped in the analysis of external
forces by limiting his scope to seven
powers.He wisely withdraws from the
danger by suggesting a triple frame-
work within which these multitudi-
nous pressures can be contained.
The framework consists of the
country's political or diplomatic
style, the manner in which consensus
on political matters is formed, and
the sources of internal conflict on
foreign policy. His perceptive gener-
alities under these three headings are
later expanded case by case in the
chapters devoted to each particular
country. It is an interesting illus-
tration of the conceptual harmony
between editor and contributors that
the reader will be hard put to judge
whether Professor Northedge im-
posed his framework on his col-
leagues or abstracted it from their
contributions.The last two sections of the intro-
duction deal with the methods of
conducting foreign policy and the
criteria of its success. On methods,
there is not much to be said that
is new: it is a matter of examining the
priorities between known and tried
methods in different circumstances.
On success and failure, Professor
Northedge rightly observes that the
latter is much easier to evaluate than
the former. Suez and Vietnamhowever, entirely impossible to point
to successes, such as the formation
of the Atlantic alliance in 1949 or
the policy of President Kennedy in
the Cuba crisis of 1962, but even
these of course count also (from the
Soviet viewpoint) as failures. As the
examples show, much depends on
circumstances beyond the control of
politicians as well as on their per-
sonal skill or inadequacy. In the last
analysis, as the story of President
Nasser illustrates, much also depends
on luck. It is natural to recall Napo-
leon's dictum that he needed lucky
marshals; but he also needed mar-
shals who had an instinct to recog-
nize and exploit their luck, which
President Nasser had in 1956 but lost
in 1967.That so much depends on intuition
as well as on resources, power, skill
and experience is reflected in the fre-
quency with which Professor North-
edge has to resort to metaphors to
explain his point. Gliding, sailing,
gonding, card-games are all in-
voked, as are weaving a tapestry and
distinguishing skeins of thread. These
are legitimate devices in a general
survey, though they would be tire-
some in particular studies of national
policies, where commendably they
do not recur. All seven are impressive
for their concrete precision and firm
grounding in fact. Speculation can-
not be wholly absent, particularly in
Miss Coral Bell's study of Commu-
nist China, but here, too, it achieves a
remarkable cogency by never depart-
ing far from observed events. It is
descriptive work of his colleagues as
a solid basis for cautious theorizing.In each of the seven national studies
one or other of Professor Northedge's
themes comes to the fore, sometimes,
unexpectedly. The power of histori-
cal tradition, for example, shows itself
most forcibly not in Britain and
France but in the United States and
the two communist powers, China
and the Soviet Union. The impact of
domestic policy on foreign policy is
again most strikingly illustrated in theowes its tremendous authority
to the fact that it expends
sums at home; on the other
was a series of domestic crises
made it impossible to continue
war in Vietnam. In both the
Union and China, too, there
son to suspect that internal con-
ditions have on occasion de-
affected international policy.
have in West Germany, and
1968 in France, which has
last to recognize a change in
comparable to that of Britain.
doxically, India seems almost
in having a foreign policy
entirely on external considera-
principally the relationship
Pakistan and China.The seven contributors
frain from attempting a com-
account of any country's foreign
policies since the Second World
War. They concentrate on the sig-
events and outstanding themes,
as Sino-Soviet relations, India's
tier problems, China's preoccupa-
with the theory of the com-
surrounding the towns, de Gaulle's
conception of national power,
Britain's attempt to enter the Com-
Market, and so on. Their judg-
are cool and balanced, and
unusual among contributors.
symposium, mutually reinforc-
Although it is surprising to find
occasional myth revived (for ex-
the British government's
sending a comparative
Foreign Office official, Lord
Strang (now Lord Strang), to
tiate for Britain in August 1945,
on the whole the book is
free from obvious error. It
fulfills the object of the series of
it is the first: to bring the study
of international relations be-
fore a wider audience without
losing its intellectual standard.**Robert
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EXPRESSING ITSELF

MICHAEL LEVEY: *A History of Western Art*. 360pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.2s. (Paperback, 25s.).

Michael Levey indicates his approach to art history by quoting the well-known observation of Oscar Wilde: "not one of the most profound and original thinkers in that field—that art never expresses anything but itself... and the only history it preserves for us is the history of its own progress." Sticking carefully to this theme, he cautiously avoids stating any theory of what art is, emphasizing that ultimately there is no explanation of any work of art. *A History of Western Art* then is highly personal in the sense that it reveals his preference for some periods, some schools, and some individual artists; but his overall selection is very much that of any art historian.

In reality the approach to the history of art of this gracefully written and handsomely produced book is that of the author of *Genesis* xi, 10 to 32. While we do not expect this overly precise recorder of the span of life of Shem, Arphaxad, Salah, Eber, Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor and Terah, to describe the political, economic, and social organization of the world in which these toiling ancestors of Abram lived, the modern reader does expect Mr. Levey to tell us something of the connexion between the creators of the works of art he describes with such clarity and liveliness and the world they lived in. What he has given us is yet another genealogy of artists and styles.

Following the conventional organization of art historians, his text starts with cave art and then covers the art of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Byzantium, Romanesque and Gothic Art, the art of the Renaissance, Baroque Art, the art of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with their principal "isms", and contemporary art. He summarizes clearly the main characteristics of the various styles. Very sensibly he selects several typical works of art of each period, describing and comparing them brilliantly. He starts with the Willendorf "Venus" and ends with a painting by Frank Stella. But as to the connexion of any of the works described with the dominant political, economic

and social characteristics of their times, Mr. Levey is quite silent. No doubt he knows of these things although one might well be sceptical of the political and historical judgment of a writer who can make the unqualified statement concerning the First Crusade, that in it "Christianism was expressing its sense of unity and divine purpose". He does not choose to tell us about them because he must consider them irrelevant to his purpose. One can only assume that such scholars as Antal, Benesch, Dvorák, Hauser, Klingender, and Raphael have little to say to him, and that he does not regard art history as just one part of the total fabric of history.

The book contains a model list of illustrations, with objects and the material from which they are made described concisely and accurately. Information is given on the size and whereabouts of each object, and the source of the photographs. Regrettably the book lacks something which would be of even greater value to the general reader, a bibliography or suggestions for further reading, and a much fuller index covering subjects and not just names and places.

R. H. Guerrand's delightful study of *Le Métro*, briefly reviewed here at the time of its first publication, has appeared in a revised edition with some new illustrations and six colour plates (Editions du Temps, Paris, 10fr.). It is a brief, learned, affectionate and continually amusing tribute to the Paris underground (not the Resistance but the one on Chaussees, Fulgence Bienville, who retired at the age of eighty-two after supervising the system for forty years, and the art nouveau architect, Hector Guimard, who was responsible for the characteristic entrances to the stations. The author points out that no plaque has ever been put up to the former, while the latter's masterpiece, 14 Rue la Fontaine in the 16e arrondissement, still awaits classification.

ARGUING ATTRIBUTIONS

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY: *Essays on Italian Sculpture*. 243pp. Phaidon Press. £4.

Among scholars who during recent years have materially contributed to increasing our knowledge and enhancing our appreciation of Italian sculpture Mr. John Pope-Hennessy holds an eminent place. His *Catalogue of Italian Sculpture in the Victoria and Albert Museum* and his magisterial volumes on Gothic, Renaissance and Baroque sculpture in Italy amply testify to this. So do, in a different way, his numerous papers on a variety of artists and works published in learned journals or in a more popular form during the past twenty years. A collection of these, *Essays on Italian Sculpture*, will be welcomed both by the specialist and the general reader, because it brings them together in handy form with good illustrations.

For convenience the essays may be grouped under three headings (though understandably their order in the book under review follows the chronology of the artists discussed) which provide at the same time interesting pointers to their author's preoccupations. They are concerned with authorship, with the bronze statuette, and with the appreciation of Italian sculpture.

The problem of authorship must constantly be before a scholar working in a museum, and not surprisingly the largest number of essays is devoted to this. There are, first of all, the discoveries. Among these two are of outstanding interest: a relief with the "Story of Susanna", acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1958, and here rightly attributed to Jacopo Sansovino, "after Michelangelo the greatest sculptor of the sixteenth century"; and the analysis of the alleged sketch-model head of the "Medusa" (also bought for the same museum) for Cellini's "Perseus" group, an attribution, however, which must leave serious doubts in the mind of the reader.

Among Mr. Pope-Hennessy's changed attributions of famous pieces of sculpture, three are particularly remarkable for ingenuity and sharpness of argument. There is a brilliant examination of the so-called "Cupid" (in fact a "Narcissus") in the Victoria and Albert Museum, once believed to be from the hand of Michelangelo. Mr. Pope-Hennessy puts forward incontrovertible proof showing that the figure is a clever

sixteenth-century restoration of a classical torso, probably executed by Valerio Cioffi. The inquiry into the style of the Palestrina "Pietà" reads like a detective story—which in a manner of speaking it is, and even if the case for the authorship of Niccolò Menghini is not firmly clinched (as is admitted), it does become abundantly clear that Michelangelo did not carve the group, and that it must date from the seventeenth century. Finally there is a discussion of the Martelli "David" in the National Gallery in Washington, still widely attributed to Donatello. Mr. Pope-Hennessy suggests Antonio Rossellino as the author of this figure, and his arguments are entirely convincing.

The second group of essays deals with small bronzes, a subject equally dear to the Renaissance and to Mr. Pope-Hennessy, who wryly remarks: "For upwards of thirty years it has been an open secret that something is radically wrong with the study of bronze statuettes. Put in its simplest form, it is that the minds of most people who have thought about the subject are filled with question marks."

The big international exhibition held in 1961 in London, and subsequently in a somewhat varied form in Amsterdam and Florence, brought home this fact. A perusal of the three versions of the catalogue and of the variants in many entries provides food for not always pleasant thoughts. Mr. Pope-Hennessy's long paper "An Exhibition of Italian Bronze Statuettes"—originally published in the *Burlington Magazine*, 1963—is a searching inquiry full of ideas and observations. It should form the starting-point of much further research.

The third group of essays in this volume is addressed not to the specialist but to all lovers of the Renaissance. The reprinted Victoria and Albert Museum booklets on "Donatello's Relief of the Ascension", on Antonio Rossellino's "Virgin with the Laughing Child" and on Giovanni Bologna's "Samson and Philistine" speak to all museum visitors, and so does a lecture—printed now for the first time—delivered on the occasion of the 50th centenary of Donatello's death in 1966, which attempts to fathom the artistic personality of this great master. It is an illuminating as well as moving tribute which must

challenge even those who, altogether agree with the author, still feel the peculiar nature of the style.

Only a few of the twenty essays included in this collection are mentioned in a brief review. It is out there in sensibility and knowledge in plenty, but while we must be thankful for this richness we cannot press serious misgivings about the essays dated from 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 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Memoirs

COCKNEYS IN THE COUNTRY

B. S. JOHNSON (Editor): *The Evacuees*. 288pp. Gollancz. £2 2s. RONALD GOLDMAN (Editor): *Breakthrough*. 192pp. Routledge. Paul. 28s.

The child is father of the man, and so we make the journey back seeking the origin of those personality traits we have inherited from ourselves. We look for explanations and excuses; and it is this predisposition to discover incidents and relationships that makes it difficult for us to recall our childhood accurately. Both these books are concerned with events of childhood recalled in middle age; if the recollections in *The Evacuees* are more interesting, this is hardly surprising; it would have required a conscious effort to write uninterestingly about this particular experience. The majority of evacuees were from working-class homes in densely populated cities, and many found themselves translated in a single day to rural surroundings and middle-class gentility.

In retrospect, the writers represented in the present volume (who include Alan Sillitoe, Jonathan Miller, Johnny Haynes, Barry Cole and Alison Smithson), do not appear to have found the process too painful, though no doubt the sharper edges have been blunted by time. And yet one feels that this forced separation from home and parents at a tender age must have had a profound psychological effect. The welcoming families were almost without exception warm and generous, which is more than one can say for the local children; if a city school moved en masse

there were few problems, but if small groups of cockney children were placed in rural schools, the inevitable ganging up occurred.

There were other unpleasant aspects of evacuation. Local authorities adopted a peculiarly insensitive method of allocating children; while the latter stood about, tired and dazed after their long journey, the "new" parents were allowed to inspect and select the ones they were prepared to take into their homes. Perhaps it was unavoidable, perhaps it was the only way of guaranteeing a minimum of acceptance by the host family. But it was hard on the "wallflowers" who were left to the end and taken off, if not grudgingly then at least without enthusiasm, by the last unlucky couple. Three or four years later the return to real home and real parents could make as deep emotional demands as the original separation. Cinderellas who had learnt to love the countryside and to enjoy modest comforts or more spacious surroundings were translated back to two-roomed flats in Wandsworth or Hackney, ruled by a strange man who claimed to be their father. A malignant fairy could hardly have engineered a more difficult confrontation. Whether the separation and the readjustment contributed to the random viciousness of the Teddy-boy generation is not clear; at least one contributor suggests that the effect of evacuation was

to teach "chameleonism", the ability to adapt and not to offend, rather than revolt or violence.

With this subject, the writers might have indulged in wholesale amateur self-analysis. It is to their credit (and Mr. Johnson's) that they avoid this pitfall. The recollections suggest nostalgia rather than neurosis. They also suggest (perhaps unintentionally) what is perhaps the most interesting of all the aspects of evacuation: given a justification by the government, working-class parents were as eager to part with their children as their counterparts in the higher income groups. No doubt a break from the chores and drudgery is as welcome to one class as to another. A number of the writers in this volume indicate that they would never send their children away from home; it would be interesting to know how many evacuees have set their faces firmly against boarding school. And as in the case of boarding school, so with evacuation, the experts do not agree whether it is (or was) in the best interests of the child.

Without making any extravagant claims, *The Evacuees* is a valuable contribution to the social history of the Second World War. *Breakthrough*, on the other hand, aspires to a position of sociological importance and falls short. It is burdened with a real abstruseness of a subtitle: "Autobiographical Accounts of the Education of Some Socially Disadvantaged

Children", and an introduction sets out rather too abstractly educational and sociological chance to personal stories of mere but not really worth. The original idea was to assemble in one volume the experiences of men and women broken through the education of the time to achieve the trouble is that the single long grammatical school is a period-piece that seems to the age of secondary education. The contributors, because they had ability (whether their own or that of the school) to do so, are able to write in a way that is not much less than mine. Which is not a compliment. And not much of an epitaph. He deserves better.

For all save literary historians, Caradoc's history began in 1915 with the publication of his first book, *My People*, followed in 1916 by *Capel* and in 1919 by *My Neighbours*, and these were possibly added to by *The Big Man* in 1923. By the time Caradoc was never got round to *My People*, though there are some paragraphs in the unpublished diary.

First met him not long after I lived in Aberystwyth in 1940. My father was the epigrammatist, a sharp-nosed man and an exorciser of our human mind. I met him out to Brynawelon (the Wind, rightly so called), where Caradoc, always the air, at the head of a flight of steps, and gave me a grave Midland appraisal as I came thrashing in my spring-heeled South Wales blun. He was polite, even

I felt utterly swamped in a pastiche, mockery and indigestible, a lost battle, as he was. But his long-drawn-out, hesitated through genuine

Translation as inevitable a handicap for any author. Notably, in this case, it distorts a critical awareness of the original.

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what really happened, that oddly two-dimensional enlarged personal feelings but no more

Reputations—IV

To incur it should be a form of immortality. What then of Caradoc Evans, who forty years ago to describe himself as "the best of men in Wales"? Who hales today? Who even reads him? Long obdurate he is the infrequent of gossip and anecdote; long obdurate he is hardly a local grammar school is a period-piece that seems to the age of secondary education. The contributors, because they had ability (whether their own or that of the school) to do so, are able to write in a way that is not much less than mine. Which is not a compliment. And not much of an epitaph. He deserves better.

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LET MY PEOPLE GO

By Gwyn Jones

switched-on charin and humour he remained a creature closely in touch with rage. Since he was older, smaller, and much freer than I, and because I abhor violence of mind or body, he sometimes troubled me. But for the most part he was a joy. He gossiped inexhaustibly about his literary acquaintance, had a gift for glib utterance and an epicure's relish for a good phrase, was knowledgeable about farmers, sermons, and musical-boxes, and in his own fashion loved dogs. He and Marguerite had two at this time, a quiet old lump called Jack, and a lynx-faced, sly-eyed, neurotic-lipped lip-lifter named Timber, whom I equally detested and plied. In many ways he and Caradoc were in like case. They were both cooped up, took exercise on a lead, and were beleaguered by an excessive and ena-

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I believe too that in these last years Caradoc felt a need for esteem and attention from a Wales which had more or less forgotten him. The Daddy of the Anglo-Welsh was appreciative of visits from such as myself, Glyn Jones, B. J. Morse, A. Edward Richards, and Dylan Thomas, and pleased to know that we read him. Not that he bothered to read a line of us. And sometimes he pretended not to know a word of Welsh.

But to get back to his first book, in 1915—or earlier still, to his birth on December 31, 1878, at Pantycro, Llanfihangel-ar-Arth, Carmarthenshire, and his boyhood at Llanus Uchaf, Rhydlaw, Cardiganshire. He came of peasant farmer stock, tells us it was his ambition to become a preacher, but that he was forced by his mother's poverty to enter the drapery trade. He loathed it, in Carmarthen, Cardiff, and London, but "Cruel is the world to a boy with nothing", and he was almost twenty-five years old before he fought free of it. By then he had literary leanings, had placed a "cockney effort" in *Reynolds's News*, and entered journalism as a writer for *Chat*. In his own idiom, God had put a new wick in the sun.

His struggle to educate himself had been heroic; his determination to become a serious and significant writer no less so. But he would be thirty-

seven years old when *My People* appeared, a collection of fifteen "Stories of the Peasantry of West Wales". It came from Andrew Melrose, and I assume Melrose was the publisher Caradoc maintained was turned out of heaven for refusing to pay his pen-rent. It was an astonishing first book, and its success, together with Caradoc's public and personal compulsions, set a pattern he would not much vary to the end of his life.

"ample evidence that Mr. Evans is the most original and arresting writer modern Wales has produced". Thomas, Burke thought of Glyn Jones, and Naomi Royle-Smith of Swift.

Within two years it was in its fifth edition and making a still deeper mark. And in some quarters giving deep offence. Clement Shorter in the *Sphere* said that he was "quite unable to withhold admiration from this book", then added: "To censure this book at the libraries is one of the many gross impertinences of which they are guilty from time to time." *The Weekly Dispatch* thought that book-sellers were joined in conspiracy as well as librarians.

No one has arisen to dispute the truth of this book. No critic has declared its frankness in any way offensive. . . . But the people who sell books have combined to keep this terrible secret of West Wales as deeply hidden as possible. Why?

It was a good question, but everything preceding it in the reviewer's mind was poppycock. A great many were disputing its truth, the majority of them without bothering to define what they meant by truth; as many had declared its frankness to be in many ways offensive, and quoted chapter and verse to prove it; as for what the *Weekly Dispatch* meant by "this terrible secret of West Wales", I lived in West Wales for twenty-four years without ever finding out.

When Caradoc set up as author he had an adviser, his fellow Cardif, Duncan Davies of Lampeter, an argumentative young orator at street corners on behalf of the Shop Assistants' Union, and to him we owe almost all the facts we have concerning Caradoc's years of poverty and early authorship in London.

We were always talking together about the Welsh peasantry. Like Caradoc, I had been born in a remote country place, and I had stored in my memory a large bundle of stories and incidents which I had gleaned from round my home.

Caradoc thought such things worthy of literary record, and according to the tradition the first to be written down was "Be This her Memorial".

Said the *Daily Telegraph*: "Out of West Wales has come a book of remarkable power. . . . We shall be surprised if *My People* does not arrest popular attention." *Punch*: "Quite one of the most remarkable books I have encountered for a long time. . . . I can best compare *My People* to the grimest passages of Hardy, told in the manner of the Old Testament." *The Bookman*: "I say now deliberately, I have never before had brought to my notice so remarkable a first book as *My People*." To the *Observer* the book was a "revelation"; it left the *Outlook*, "entranced. . . amazed"; the *Nation* knew "nothing to put beside it"; and to the *Literary World* it gave

It is the ninth story in *My People*, and proceeds thus: Mice and rats, it is said, frequent neither churches nor poor men's homes. The story I have to tell you about Nanni . . . contradicts that theory.

Nanni was religious; and she was old. No one knew how old she was, for she said that she remembered the birth of each person that gathered in Capel Sion; she was so old that her age had ceased to concern.

She lived in the mud-walled, straw-thatched cottage on the steep road which goes up from the Garden of Eden, and ends at the tramping way that takes you into Cardigan town; if you happen to be travelling that way you may still see the roofless walls which were silent witnesses to Nanni's great sacrifice—a sacrifice surely counted unto her for righteousness, though in her search for God she fell down and worshipped at the test of a god.

This god, with a small g, was the minister of Capel Sion, the Respected Josiah Bryn-Devan. Upon this nauseating young hypocrite Nanni poured out all her love, and to him she gave all her devotion. But alas, the Respected Josiah received a call from a wealthier sister church in Aberystwyth, and because it was wealthier the Respected Josiah heartened and obeyed. This was heart-breaking news for Nanni; she bent her stiffened limbs before God, with a capital G, and prayed that she might live long enough to hear the Respected's farewell sermon and be enabled to give him a parting present. This would be a big coloured Bible, and in order to purchase it this peasant woman first starved herself, then ate of strange diet.

Two Sabbaths before the farewell sermon was to be preached Nanni came to Capel Sion with an ugly sore at the side of her mouth; repulsive matter oozed slowly from it, forming into a head, and then coursing thickly down her chin to the shoulder of her black cane, where it glistened among the beads. On occasions her lips tightened, and she swished a hand angrily across her face.

Nanni did not attend the Respected Josiah's farewell sermon after all. She now lived with a piece of calico drawn over her face, and knew herself to be too horrible. So she asked her neighbour Sadrach Danyrefail, another nauseating hypocrite, to present the Bible for her, which he did. The Respected Josiah graciously accepted it: it was a book to be treasured, he said, and he could think of no one more fit to treasure it than Sadrach Danyrefail, to whom he forthwith handed it back.

In the morning the Respected Josiah Bryn-Devan, making a tour of his congregation, beheld himself of Nanni. The thought came to him on leaving Danyrefail, the distance betwixt which and Nanni's cottage is two fields. He opened the door and called out: "Nanni!"

None answered.

He entered the room. Nanni was on the floor.

"Nanni, Nanni!" he said, "Why?"

Caradoc Evans, from a caricature by Mail.

MACDONALD JANUARY 16

MACDONALD JANUARY 30

MACDONALD COMING ON FEBRUARY 13

MACDONALD EDUCATIONAL

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Theatre and Drama

UNDISCIPLINED EXPLOSIONS

PETER LUKE: *Hadrian VII*. 83pp. André Deutsch. 18s. EDWARD BOND: *Narrow Road to the Deep North*. 61pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d. PETER USTINOV: *The Unknown Soldier and his Wife*. 90pp. Heinemann. 25s. SIMON GRAY: *Sleeping Dog*. 73pp. Faber and Faber. 18s. MICHAEL ROSEN: *Backbone*. 93pp. Faber and Faber. 21s. (Paperback, 8s.). CAREY HARRISON, LEONARD MELLI and ROGER HOWARD: *New Short Plays*. 84pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Frederick Rolfe's eccentric novel *Hadrian VII* is impressive and ridiculous at the same time. It is a mixture of autobiography and fantasy, spiced with satire, egomania transmuted into hagiography. It is a story in which a rejected candidate for priesthood becomes a Pope and dies a martyr, but it is not an extraordinary and to make the central action into a daydream as Peter Luke does is to undermine Rolfe's novel in the process of adapting it. Rolfe aimed his story-telling and his use of detail at realism and plausibility. Peter Luke would seem to think they fall a long way short of the mark.

Theatricality, much of the play is highly effective but the villains, Jeremiah and Mrs. Crowe, who are fairly unconvincing even in Rolfe's hands, bulk a lot larger and become still more unconvincing in Mr. Luke's, while the dream structure does nothing in effect to justify the cardboard characterization of the Cardinals in the Vatican. The best scenes are the confrontation with the archbishop and the bishop in the lodging house and the ensuing confession and ordination. These derive their dialogue directly from the novel.

It is also a pity that the play is not set more squarely in its period. The action needs to be seen clearly against a *fin de siècle* background and without committing the production to a consistent up-dating, the script is misguidedly ambiguous about time.

Edward Bond's short play, *Narrow Road to the Deep North*, has some of its roots in Brecht's *Lehrstücke* and some in the Aristotelian Theatre of Cruelty. The dialogue is far more cleanly-cut than in Bond's earlier work and his writing is more relaxed, which greatly helps the comedy. Each scene "works" theatrically (except those involving the one female character) but the overall development is rather free-wheeling and when, at the end, we see the dismembered body of the city's ruler nailed on a placard and, one minute later, a young man committing hara-kiri, the violence strikes us as spectacular and arbitrary.

COCKERED GENIUS

EDWARD CRAIG: *Gordon Craig*. 398pp. Gollancz. £3 10s.

As the pious Aeneas bore old Anchises from burning Troy, so Edward Craig bears his father from the crackling flames of gossip, conjecture and criticism in which, like a lively salamander, he had his being, and sets him down to be observed as the man he was. As an act of filial piety this study of a gifted, contrary, wayward but evidently lovable character is beyond praise, but it is more than that: an objective presentation of surely the most bizarre, controversial and influential theatrical that ever took the stage.

This book does not invite discussion of the effects of Gordon Craig's vision and polemical utterances; but in it will be found the causes of his frustration as an artist and the baffling equation of his erratic genius, his hereditary talents and comparatively inadequate performance. Elsewhere the author has remarked, in answer to those who spoke of Craig's work as impractical and of his vision as a trick, that he has been an inspiration because of that vision and his capacity to share it. Perhaps when the nonagenarian master totted up the debits and credits of his turbulent and extravagant life he may have found it more satisfying to contemplate the practical work of designers professing their allegiance to him than the torrent of vituperation in the art of the theatre that he provoked from the mouths of lesser men.

The work of a *metteur-en-scène* cannot be evaluated by its quantity: it is an ephemeral as the art of the player it serves; traces of it may be found in the ideas he has communicated to paper and of these Craig

a theatrical evangelist is to be found in Volume 9 of *The Mask* (soon, we gather, to be republished in facsimile); it makes as little or as much sense as converts or sepias may read into it.

To fully appreciate Craig the artist, craftsman, man of letters and recorder of his life and work will have to follow up the clues this book provides to the derivation of his ideas and the influences good and bad that moulded his malleable character—many of them slender of necessity in such a catalogue of eccentric personalities.

Perhaps the most significant will prove to be Martin Shaw, the only man to whom Craig throughout his life affectionately deferred and confessed his thwarted ambition, his doubts and his fears that he hid from the world. And the four heroines—for Dorynne, Elena Meo, Dorothy Neville for love of him brought a semblance of order into his creative life, and to whom we owe much of his work that has survived him. They bore with patient adoration his selfish and sometimes cruel caprices and at the end counted their opportunity to cherish and serve him as an inestimable privilege. He who was adept at evading the practical consequences of his theatrical conceptions was puzzled and even unbraced when nature asserted herself and presented him with tangible proofs of his fertility. He became a patriarch by accident rather than by inclination and was not easily reconciled to

of their mothers from himself. In Isadora Duncan he met and mated with a fellow artist of his own egocentric intensity; for a time she deflected him from his as yet not fully determined purpose; when he came to his senses they went their separate ways illumined by the sparks struck from each other.

Mr. Craig has adroitly overcome the difficulty of writing the biography of a man who ceased from strife when his life was but half spent. He touches lightly on the years when his father settled in Provence like Volpone "to cocker up his genius to live free (if precariously) to all delights". And he delighted most in his treasure, the fabulous "Collection"; around it he spun a web of mystery and conspiracy, hating bidders for it from all over the world, playing off agents seeking his favour against each other, and then, at the sight of a cheque, hid it away with impish glee. The Bibliothèque Nationale of France deserved to win it, for its directors had the wit to pay for it and to leave much of it in his hands for his lifetime.

As a boy Mr. Edward Craig served his father as a dutiful and loving apprentice. Happily he played truant to make his name as a film-designer, harnessing the imaginative and graphic gifts that were his inheritance to an executive ability and technical precision rare in the annals of Terry family. From this point of vantage he has written, with authority, compassion, humour and clarity, enlightening variations on a theme that

Mr. Mandel's and Mr. Mitchenson's patient and wholly rescue, in the nick of time, of the record of London's vanished theatres from oblivion suggests that the history of English drama can be discerned more clearly in the vicissitudes of playhouses than in the lives of players. The latter have to take the stage as they find it. Some, by their performance, may elevate it; social status by sharpening the taste and appetite of playgoers, but when they take their final call they have no assurance of the continuity of the prestige they won for the theatre of their choice. The very sites on which theatres are built and rebuilt, as fire or fashion leave them derelict, are to theatrical historians what shelled deposits are to palaeontologists. Thus the authors, layer by layer, expose to the fluctuating fortunes of extinct playhouses, each intertwined with the pattern of the popular demand for entertainment and the managerial response to it.

Some appear to be buried forever beneath monumental office blocks: the Blackfriars Theatre vanished leaving no trace of Burbage's occupation but a street sign Playhouse Yard within the precincts of Printing House Square. Yet, almost on the very spot the present Metamorph Theatre marks the persistence of a theatrical tradition. For don stand the not, perhaps, fortuitous. Rather they may be the allusive deposits formed by the eddies and currents of the turbulent stream of the City's social and commercial life recreation.

If proof were needed that playhouses are the true depositories of the theatrical history, let us take, for example, the most deplorable of recent disappearances—the St. James's Hall Theatre for the production of *Henry*

STAGE ARCHITECTURE

SIGFRIED MELCHINGER (Editor): *May Reinhardt: Bühnenbilder*. 162pp. Hannover: Friedrich Verber. DM 4.

This is a handsome book, produced by the Max Reinhardt Research Institute in Salzburg, which has already edited the prompt-copy of Reinhardt's 1916 production of *Amber*, and promises us, in the future, further excavations into the archives. The photographs, which, as must be expected in publications of this sort, run from the astonishing Fritz Körtner as Shylock, Max Pallenberg in Isben, Elizabeth Brenner as St. Joan) via the alienating to the downright off-putting, cover the whole of the great director's work, to which Dr. Melchinger provides an excellently organized introduction.

While it is true that the theatre goes out of date overnight, like any other art, creative or more especially, interpretative, it can also come back in-date just as quickly. In the past two years the precision and complexity of many of Reinhardt's productions seem to have become more acceptable, if that is the word for something which is now dead, as the fashion shifts once more away from the anti-theatrical style back to a theatre where a lavish use of materials sets a play firmly in social, political and economic time and space. It is photographs of, not early Pre-Raphaelite productions that now seem out of date. The return to favour of the Surrealists, with their pinpoint isolating of the elements of dreams, like the Pop artist's isolating of single mechanical elements of reality, have more to say to us in the theatre, and say it more precisely than all the generalized post-Warnerian world-pictures of cinema absolute.

The have trouble with Reinhardt's candidature for a theatre of tomorrow is that he was incapable of carrying an idea through to a conclusion, whether whole. Reinhardt left behind him no style, only productions, no

ensemble, only actors, only performances, like a wallpaper wrapping of the tradition which could be pulled off in all the colours of the rainbow and provided regrettable in the work of Molly Holden, that production. Like the certain plays to which he again and again during his life, each time making different of them. There are no photographs in this book, but the O.U.D.S. edition of whose dress rehearsal he was an artist, as she to put the final polish on the village of Headington, by the can break down and store to be performed, exhibiting a sense of the baroque to the oddity similar to the treatment of the fairies in a few years ago.

But if Reinhardt found it hard to convey his sense of being in the modern theatre, he was of good luck, the house marionettes, modernized, have brought her house seven and the rest of it, but the last stanza of not actually invent the modern, he like Chaucer, took, caused them to be what is equally important, the theatre, accepted. Here, in the sometimes of reference as they beat upwind the Alps, a fledgling memory, a shadowy ground-control, long penultimate line suits the one kinetically rare technical matter, all as necessary in a body of poetry which does the out, and to the end have much use for technique) but found what else is the small, piercing inspiration of "ground-control" which this writing as hers. Her person is special, but even more important her concentration is extraordinary: by keeping still for a long she sees everything that moves, a eventually convinces you, in like "So which is the truth?" she can see the wind.

cloud moves on, calls up hidden wind that pours itself over hedge with just-as-sudden light, reverses the leaves, stirs shadows, the brown sky with a shrill plume of rain. The tipped discolor of colour balances, deftly garden.

PASSING SCENES

RAYMOND MANDER and JOE MITCHENSON: *The Lost Theatre*. 572pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £6 6s.

Poetry and Criticism

EXCELLENCE IN ADVERSITY

MOLLY HOLDEN: *To Make me Grieve*. 50pp. Chatto and Windus: *The Selected Poems*. 47pp. Chatto and Windus: *The Hogarth Press*. 16s. BARRY COLE: *Moonvetch*. 55pp. Methuen. Paperback, 10s. JOHN HORDER: *A Sense of Being*. 40pp. Chatto and Windus: *The Hogarth Press*. 16s.

Her main failing is to be too explanatory. Even in her best poems there is usually a little bit more said than necessary, not enough to spoil things but just enough to let us retain the breath that rightly should be taken away. Her excellent "The globe", for example, is too talkative in the middle stanza, linking things which have already leapt together, and the sumptuous poem "The seven bushes" finds a natural ending on the word "doubtless", and doesn't need the final thought, which seems faintly got-up in comparison.

Other kinds of weakness are attributable to the attempt to find a strong finish for a set shape. Her sense of a wallpaper wrapping of the tradition which could be pulled off in all the colours of the rainbow and provided regrettable in the work of Molly Holden, that production. Like the certain plays to which he again and again during his life, each time making different of them. There are no photographs in this book, but the O.U.D.S. edition of whose dress rehearsal he was an artist, as she to put the final polish on the village of Headington, by the can break down and store to be performed, exhibiting a sense of the baroque to the oddity similar to the treatment of the fairies in a few years ago.

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cloud moves on, calls up hidden wind that pours itself over hedge with just-as-sudden light, reverses the leaves, stirs shadows, the brown sky with a shrill plume of rain. The tipped discolor of colour balances, deftly garden.

phrase and sentence is strong enough for her to allow herself the liberty nowadays automatically taken by healthy young men with a tenth her talent) of stringing her ideas together loosely and ending on the strongest. As it is, most of her poems are flawed through not realizing that they already mean all they need to mean: her polite sense of duty to a pattern interlarded with her sense of structure. There is no need for her to be afraid of publishing fragments. A larger volume from Mrs. Holden, if and when it comes, will be an event.

The beguiling of clenching statements all too readily identifiable in scope and cadence as signature riffs

of the "Movement". Philip Oakes has received a good deal of disapprobation for *In The Affirmative* which he would possibly have avoided if the book had come out a few years earlier: there is a time in these things. But there are other considerations, too. Those chilling generalizations, the ideas that sicken inclusively outward, can be managed by Larkin because his poems back them to the hilt: the crushing clincher that reveals a personal wilderness comes only after an austere lovely celebration, an intoxicating display of technical difficulties, conquered. Those too-easy sentences about the only end of age, the bit about "what will survive of us is love" being "almost true" wouldn't work at all if the rest of the poem were easy, too. As with Leopardi, accusations of nihilism are compellingly dealt with by the creativity lavished on the work itself. The trouble with an Oakes poem like "That Sunlight" is not that the final line is weak—

—but that the eleven lines in front of it are not strong. And of course it is very unfair that this poem should be picked on and a better one like "The Ballad of Major Latier" should not be noticed.

Formally these poems are rather casual, in spite of a strict mechanical discipline. "She Says", the second poem in the book, is very carefully made, but it is a discipline rather than a form—the rhymes are too far apart, or too approximate, to be heard, and although they presumably do something for the poet by keeping his poem from sprawling they do little to impress a sense of unified utterance on the reader, who would need to get going with a pencil in the margin before he found out that the three stanzas are written to the one scheme. The form trickles independently straight down the middle as a reasonably interesting short essay, where bits of content are added onto one another but are not really transfigured. As with Peter Porter, there seems to be a lot of undirected anger and disgust going on: the expensive imagery of modern success is sharply illuminated in every detail except the poet's attitude towards it and the moral commentary tends towards bluster, which is the tone of ambivalence.

The fact that you can talk about Oakes and Larkin in the same breath shows that he is not negligible, and

Departure Lounge

In a good mood today,
Ingesting too much lunch
At Airport X; en route
With Chateau Croix de Guy,
Stouk, strawberries, and a lurch
The unimpeachable who sent
No hero will gladly pay.

This morning went off fine:
Wife happy, child happy, girl
(Phoned from downstairs) all right.
No clasp, it seems: the wine
Flashes me clean, the pearl
Of pus has vanished. Flight,
In every sense, is mine.

What I enjoy in this
Clean, well-lit, neutral place
Where no one knows my name
Is a snooze over the abyss
In a hummock; a breathing space
Between two kinds of shame—
Between paid and unpaid lies.

Must go: they've called my plane.
Don't think me sad, I use
Regrets like travel pills,
Or duty-free champagne.
This time I'll take the booze,
But grief would do it better.
The pain, it kills the pain.

FRANCIS HOPE

A POET PUBLIC AND ENGAGED

MINER: *Dryden's Poetry*. 354pp. Indiana University Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £3 15s.

Years ago the only good modern edition of Dryden's poetry was still Van Doren's (1920); scholarly editions accumulated silently in the *Variorum* and there was no critical edition of the poems. Change, of a kind familiar to historians, set in with the appearance of Professor J. Kinsley's *Dryden*, and of the first part of the California edition, in 1950. A new synthesis in literary studies may be predicted from the work of critics like K. G. Hill, A. W. Hoffman, Alan, and B. N. Schilling. Professor Miner's book stands in the line; but it is, despite some insights and a great deal of contextual research, disappointingly uneven.

Professor Miner sets himself to "the assumptions, ideas, and attitudes of Dryden's major literary and critical work," which is representative but not comprehensive. *Annus Mirabilis*, for Love, the "satires", *The Hind and the Panther*, *Eleanor*, the *Essay of Criticism*, and *Fables*. American critics have much of *Annus Mirabilis*, and Professor Miner does it laboriously, but it is sometimes like swimming through seaweed. He shows that the management of the *Variorum* for the poet's work is fresh and important about *All*

emotional importance" to him and that his critical comments on them were "defensive . . . betraying uneasiness", rests on a highly subjective reading of the evidence.

The essays on the major poems are much more successful. The uncovering of theatrical reference in *Mac Flecknoe*, and the analysis of "metaphor and value" in the current critical mode, enrich our understanding of the poem, though Professor Miner sometimes stumbles into obscurity: "The somewhat idealistic and grave heroic world of *Annus Mirabilis* has gained in urban bustle by accepting laughter." The chapter on *Annus Mirabilis* and *Achilles*, though opening with the extravagance that Dryden's work reveals "a persistent impulse to arrest and to assess the flow of history" freshly approaches the poem as "metaphorical history" from a standpoint close to that of Hoffman: it is neither Jewish history nor English history but a *tertium quid*, an action somewhere between or above both histories and commanding on both the imagery and the events are designed and made appropriate in terms of the *tertium quid*, the fundamental action of the poem.

Literary scholars are familiar enough with the patristic tradition of the four-fold exegesis of scripture, but it has not, I think, been used before to elucidate *Annus Mirabilis*; and to have the

doctrine of transubstantiation marked as an outstanding difference between Rome and Canterbury, "indicated still today in such a phrase as 'the Roman communion'". Professor Miner helps to recover Dryden's reputation as a lyric and elegiac poet. With the *Fables*, however, he misses a chance; developing *ad absurdum*, apparently from his long study of Japanese court poetry, the notion (which has something in it) that the sequence of the *Fables* was carefully worked out by Dryden.

It is mere academic athleticism to run back all the way to Quintilian's *narratio-fabula, historia, argumentum*—to explain the presence of non-narrative passages in the book, if you have then to admit that Dryden used the term "Fables" as the most attractive

and convenient and wrote indiscriminately to Peppys about his "Fables from Ovid", "Novels from Boccaccio", and "Tales from Chaucer". Some of Professor Miner's "connections" are too general to convince—love, war, good and evil, the common coin of poets—and some are ludicrous: "The First Book of Homer's *Iliad*" and the succeeding tale of "The Cock and the Fox" both contain marital debates; "The former ends in Dryden's version) without overlooking in bed" and *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side", linking the Greek story with that of Chanticleer and Partrif, who are unable to make love on their narrow roost. Yes; but what about all that "feathering", "a hundred times a day"?

AFRICAN VIOLETS

JEAN OVERTON FULLER

This volume of poems is published by Manifold as co-winner of the Manifold

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BRAVING THE FORBIDDEN SUBJECT

ARNOLD TOYNBEE and others: *Man's Concern with Death*. 280pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £2 5s.

Mr. Ayers's inquiry appears to be the most searching and the most fruitful of those considered in this article; but it does not leave the reader altogether convinced. Mr. Ayers has an enviable talent for stating his opponent's positions convincingly, coupled with a brisk and decisive manner in refuting them; but there is a sudden blurring of focus when he comes to state his own position and to distinguish it from other, which he thinks (correctly) the reader may be inclined to confuse with it. It would have helped if the book had been provided with a list of the names of the principal Professor Browns, with an analytical table of contents.

Despite its title, P. F. Strawson's Oxford paperback, *Studies in the Philosophy of Thought and Action*, contains comparatively little of relevance to the philosophy of action. It is a collection of British Academic lectures, only three of which—Stuart Hampshire on Spinoza on Freedom, D. F. Pears on Predicting and Desiring, and the editor on Freedom and Resentment—fall within the rubric. But it is a valuable collection of papers on many topics, some of them already well known. It includes work by Gilbert Ryle on thinking, by A. Ayer on privacy, by P. T. Geach on time and by Bernard Williams on imagination. Three of the papers, in addition to Stuart Hampshire's, devoted to the history of philosophy—"The Platonism of Aristotle," "G. E. Owen," "The Primacy of Practical Reason" by G. J. Warnock, Kant, and "G. E. Moore on the Naturalistic Fallacy" by C. Lewis—are good to have these papers, reflected at a comparatively moderate price.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Agriculture

DUNN, M. (Editor). *Year Book of Agricultural Cooperation, 1968*. 347pp. Oxford: Blackwell, £3 3s. Cooperatives are beginning to move across international frontiers, as is shown by the formation of Euro-grain, described in this latest collection of studies collected by the Plunkett Foundation. Apart from contributions on national developments, there is an interesting general paper on the financing of agricultural co-operatives, a survey of market shares in Europe and of mergers among American societies.

WHITLOCK, RUTH. *The Great Cattle Plague*. 111pp. John Baker, 25s. The foot-and-mouth disease epidemic of last winter was certainly one of the worst catastrophes British farming had experienced in living memory. It hit particularly the country's biggest concentration of dairy cattle in and around the Cheshire plain, but it led also to an almost complete dislocation of rural life and activity over a much wider area. Mr. Whitlock's is the first full account of it, as it unfolded at the time. He raises many still unanswered questions, some of which are likely to remain matters of controversy even when the official committee of inquiry has reported.

History
GRAY, ALEXANDER. *Adam Smith*. 288pp. The Historical Association, 3s. 6d.

A reprint of an essay first published in 1948, in which Sir Alexander Gray examines the formative influences which produced *The Wealth of Nations*, in the light of Adam Smith's own life and the prevalent ideas of his time.

GRANT, J. A. S. *National Prejudice and International History*. 23pp. Leeds University Press, 2s. 6d.

This inaugural lecture by the Professor of International History at Leeds is a promising title, and contains one or two stimulating thoughts, but on the whole falls short of its promise. The biases introduced by familiar geographical conventions (such as Mercator's Projection) are fairly well known: Professor Grant might also have mentioned the highly influential practice of colouring countries and their dependencies uniformly. But in the main the lecture deals not so much with international history as with the history of international relationships and the possible motives of foreign policy. These are discussed in a somewhat discursive way, in the course of which some statements are made which might well be questioned - as "where a philosophy or ideology underlies the conduct of diplomacy there may be tactical deviations but there is no good historical reason for supposing that the overall objectives change unless there is a change of leadership and a consequent reinterpretation of ideology". There are, of course, loopholes in this formulation, but it is really claimed, for instance, that Soviet foreign policy underwent no change when Molotov was substituted for Ljilov? Professor Grant says that the international historian today is confronted with new and challenging problems, but provides a rather muffled contribution to the answer.

CROSSY, KATHRYN. *Ring and Other Things*. 214pp. Herbert Jenkins, 25s.

Cut-to-pattern show-business autobiography by Kathryn Grant, the beauty queen who became the second Mrs. Bing Crosby. One or two amusing moments, but it reads as though it was written by a computer.

HARDING, JAMES. *Sacha Guitry: The Last Boulevardier*. 227pp. Methuen, £2 2s.

Sacha Guitry wrote an enormous amount about himself - indeed, he wrote an enormous amount about everybody, just at the centre of Parisian theatre and Parisian artistic society for over half a century. That is not to say that he was

"important": he made almost a cult of his own unimportance, content to stay with his own chosen territory, the boulevard theatre. He was not, in many respects, particularly likable, but he was an extraordinary phenomenon. Mr. Harding does not conceal the wariness and his portrait is painted with real sympathy and affection. And if he suggests that some of Guitry's vast output may have more lasting qualities than we are inclined to suppose, he may well be right: certainly Guitry's most extraordinary films stand up extraordinarily well, and some of the pre-war plays may do likewise.

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BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE

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DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL POOLE TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Temporary ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Chartered Librarian, experienced in Cataloguing preferred. The appointment is full-time for approximately six months at a salary within the range £1,095-£1,265 per annum; but a part-time appointment over a longer period would also be considered. Forms of application and further details may be obtained from the Principal (quoting reference T.S.), Poole Technical College, North Road, Parkstone, Poole. Closing date 23rd January 1969.

DORSET COUNTY LIBRARY

SENIOR ASSISTANT (Branch Relief)

(Special Scale: £850-£1,265 per annum). Applicants must have passed the Part I (Intermediate) Examination of the Library Association and hold a current Driving Licence. Application forms and further details from the Clerk (quoting reference T.S.), County Hall, Dorchester, to be returned by 30th January.

ASSISTANT INFORMATION OFFICER

The Ceramics, Glass and Mineral Products Industry Training Board wishes to appoint an Assistant Information Officer. The appointment is small to medium scale, and the successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the office, including the selection and purchase of books, and the maintenance of the office's stock. The post is full-time, and the successful candidate will be required to work on a rota system. The salary is £1,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Ceramics, Glass and Mineral Products Industry Training Board, 100 Brook Green, W.2. Closing date 15th June 1969.

THE KIWIPOLISH COMPANY LTD. LIBRARIAN/INFORMATION OFFICER

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A graduate engineer or scientist is required to work with a small team in the development and operation of a computer-based information system. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the office, including the selection and purchase of books, and the maintenance of the office's stock. The post is full-time, and the successful candidate will be required to work on a rota system. The salary is £1,000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Information Scientist, 100 Brook Green, W.2. Closing date 15th June 1969.

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COLLEGE OF LIBRARIANSHIP, WALES TEACHING AND RESEARCH IN LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SCIENCE

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THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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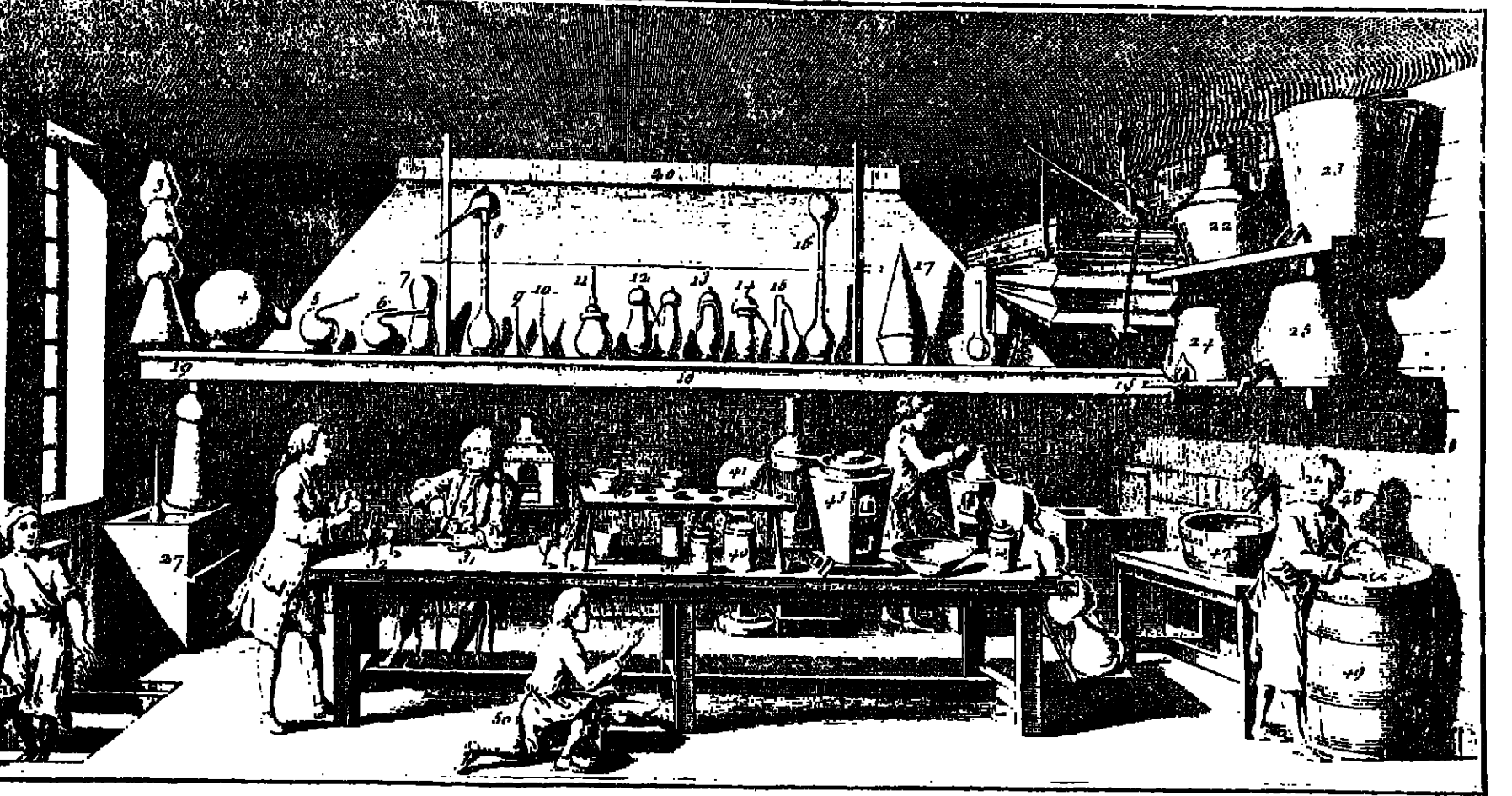
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THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY 16 JANUARY 1969 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE



A chemistry laboratory, first of the twenty-five plates in the *Encyclopédie* article on "Chimie", showing "Physicien conférant avec un Chimiste sur la dissolution"; another chemist (no. 44) "faisant des protections pour les elixirs"; and three "garçons de laboratoire" (no. 45).

Manifesto of Rationalism

THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS' FIGHT AGAINST CHURCH AND STATE

In 1787 John Morley ended his study of Diderot's *Encyclopédie* by saying, as he replaced in his shelves "this mountain of volumes", that he had a presentiment that "their pages will seldom again be disturbed by me or by others". This was a natural judgment in a period when the struggle for tolerance and constitutional government seemed to have been won, and rationalists were fighting to gain acceptance for Darwin instead of Newton. Morley used the *Encyclopédie* as a weapon in the new phase of the battle of science against the authority of Genesis.

Today the *Encyclopédie* is a historical document and, as such, it is republished in a facsimile edition (reduced in size) for international circulation. It should be of particular value to some of the many new western universities. In all, it amounts to thirty-five volumes. The twelve volumes of plates are especially well reproduced, but the edition as a whole is a triumph of printing. One notices that, as in the original, all the left-hand pages in the fourth volume, in the middle of Diderot's long article called *Encyclopédie*, are reproduced (from page 634 to page 647) without any pagination numbers. This oddity was not explained when the book was published, and it remains a mystery.

In the past twenty years, very much as a result of the work of Dr. John Lough of Durham University, a number of books and detailed articles on the *Encyclopédie* have appeared in this country. It is no longer a centre of controversy, but has become a classic in which scholars may engross themselves. They used to do in learned studies of Ascholar or Catullus. Dr. Lough is an exact scholar. He deals, not with the *Encyclopédie* as a whole, but with the many compilations of its various editions, in Paris and outside it, its pirated issues and contemporary criticisms in books, pamphlets and periodicals. The problems which most intrigue Dr. Lough have the advantage of being insoluble: they may involve a lifetime of research. He deals particularly with the attribution of the many articles by D'Holbach and D'Alembert. Symbols were regularly used in the *Encyclopédie* in place of signatures. It sounds very easy, he remarks, to plough through the volumes of texts until one has a complete list of articles, bearing the symbol of each author, but he finds that the symbol is often missing, that some unsigned articles might be by D'Alembert, and he is "infuriated" to discover that groups of articles are sometimes lumped together under a single

death by torture, for ridiculing the Virgin Mary, but it was not a steady or uniform tyranny. The Court, the Parliament and the Jesuits, as well as many literary toadies, were all at war with the *Encyclopédistes*. These authorities quarrelled among themselves and were therefore inefficient in suppressing Diderot. He was always harassed and once imprisoned and he could never be sure whether Mme. de Pompadour would effectively come to his rescue, if only to spite the Jesuits.

Happily Malesherbes was the censor of literature or, technically, magistrate in charge of regulating the book trade. He sympathized even if he did not agree with Diderot, and he always carried out any decree of suppression with reluctance. When the two first volumes of the *Encyclopédie* were denounced by royal prerogative in 1752, the publishers were forbidden to print them and booksellers ordered to cease distribution, but there was no prohibition against continuing publication. No sustained effort was made to suppress the project as a whole, at least until 1759 when the letter "G" was reached and D'Alembert's article on "Geneva" had raised a storm of protest.

D'Alembert's lapse—for he was usually a cautious man—was on this occasion the result of the encouragement of Voltaire, with whom he had been staying in Ferney. Voltaire had been an enthusiast about the *Encyclopédie* from the beginning; he sometimes contributed to it and always criticized its many defects. He had written to D'Alembert, for instance, in May, 1757:

I am sorry to see that the writer of the article, *Hell*, declares that Hell was a point in the doctrine of Moses; now by all the devils, this is not true. Why lie about it? Hell is an excellent thing, no doubt; but it is evident that Moses did not know it. It is this world that is hell.

On this occasion he appears to have persuaded D'Alembert to run risks in writing about Geneva. The good Protestant parsons there did not like being told that Calvin "was as enlightened a theologian as a heretic can be", and that many of them were Socinians. The Jesuits in France were even more angry at being told that they were badly educated and illiterate in comparison with Genevese Protestants. The most famous row that followed the Geneva article was with Rousseau, who rushed to the defence of his puritan native city when D'Alembert expressed regret that it did not permit theatrical performances within its walls. D'Alembert refused to face the storms he had provoked and announced his retirement from the joint enterprise. Voltaire at first protested against his withdrawal,

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

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reversed his position and lectured Diderot on the folly of continuing publication.

This incident will serve to illustrate the atmosphere in which the *Encyclopédie* was produced and the complex obstacles which Diderot had to surmount. He had set out

to gather together the knowledge scattered over the face of the earth, that our descendants, being better instructed, may become at the same time more virtuous and more happy; and that we may not die without having deserved well of the human race.

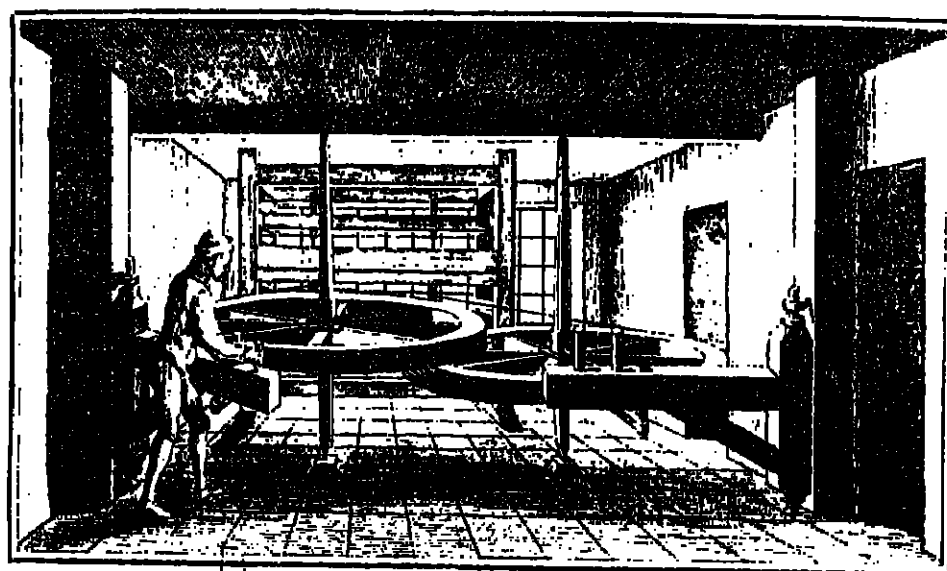
Thus Diderot's project had a far larger compass than Bayle's *Dictionnaire* or Chambers's *Cyclopædia*. He wished to show above all how far science had advanced, and how foolish as well as wicked were clerical intolerance and state absolutism. He wanted the *Encyclopédie* to be not only polemical but also useful for everyday reference. He visited most of the workshops of Paris and, unlike his colleagues, who only talked about science and philosophy, he was interested in every new invention and in the practical application of scientific theory. The volumes of plates which he added to the text illustrated existing methods and new techniques in medicine, agriculture, and manufacture.

There is no balance or proportion in the *Encyclopédie*. There are long articles on little subjects and little articles on big subjects. Much depended on what engaged Diderot's attention at the moment. He could write a valuable article amounting in length to a pamphlet on the problem of composing an *Encyclopédie*, and outraged the rulers of France by an article on "Political Authority" in which he said that "it is not the State which belongs to the Prince, but the Prince who belongs to the State." This was bold and serious at a time when Louis XV was solemnly pronouncing the doctrine of Divine Right as applied to his own person. In this, as in the other political articles, such as "Representation", the *Encyclopédie* did not strive after democratic theory, but always spoke of the rule of law and the limited rights of a monarch; in fact, the *Encyclopédie* favoured the British compromise, not democracy.

After such serious articles Diderot could turn his mind to dealing with the proper way to pay cab-drivers to prevent them cheating; he could write a careful piece about "Needles"; and then wander off into an examination of the role of a very minor Roman deity or into a curiously learned discussion of "Theosophy".

In dealing with economic subjects the *Encyclopédie*'s main technique was to describe, often without comment, the fantastic injustices which survived from the feudal system. Nobody, after reading the *Encyclopédie*, could easily forget how heavily the Corvée system weighed upon the peasant, or fail to be angry when they read under the heading "Chasse" how the peasants' crops were destroyed and the land kept barren for the convenience of the hunters. The damage to trade by ancient systems of taxation was clarified by articles on "Taille" and "Gabelle" and many injustices exposed in an article on "Privilege".

The chief target was the Church. A common



A diamond-cutter's workshop. One of the many technical illustrations in the *Encyclopédie*.

method was to undermine superstition by expounding the universality of law and adding, where the Church might raise objections, that though it seemed as if law was universal, the revelation of Holy Scripture had shown on this occasion that an exception was made. Sometimes Diderot would add a pious flourish which could be quoted in reply to angry ecclesiastics. He had usually to be more circumspect than Voltaire, who wrote, when the Government closed a cemetery in which hysterical miracles were taking place:

De par le Roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracles en ce lieu.

But on occasion Diderot could be almost as daring as Voltaire. In a short article on "Damnation" he argued that to condemn men to an eternity of torment seemed not in accord with the justice or benevolence of God, but the authority of Holy Scripture and the decisions of the Church had put the fact of hell beyond question. "What must be the enormity of our disobedience, seeing that the disobedience of the First Man could only be wiped out by the blood of the Son of God?"

Diderot's "Toleration" closely followed John Locke's argument, and the politics and psychology of the *Encyclopédie* also spring from his close knowledge of Locke's philosophy. One may summarize the doctrines of the *Encyclopédie* by saying that there is no such thing as Original Sin, that man, having no innate ideas, is reasonable and, with right instruction, will be happy and good. The immediate job of the philosophers was to expose the superstitions which had been fastened on to the human race. Once that is achieved, there is no reason for arbitrary government, and the solution for happiness is constitutional government.

The British compromise was accepted in philosophy as well as in politics. The essential was that the world was governed according to the discoveries of Newton. Privately Diderot,

like D'Holbach, might have been called an atheist, but publicly he was as much troubled as Voltaire about what would happen to mankind if people no longer believed in God. Like Voltaire, he was anxious not to be overheard throwing doubts on the Deity in the presence of the servants. If there were no God it would be necessary to invent him. It was wise to maintain a Creator or, as the Revolution was afterwards to say, a Supreme Being, even if he had ceased to interfere with his own creation and allowed it to proceed as an eternal mechanism. Indeed, until the idea of evolution had seized men's minds, the argument that a watch proved the existence of a watchmaker seemed unanswerable.

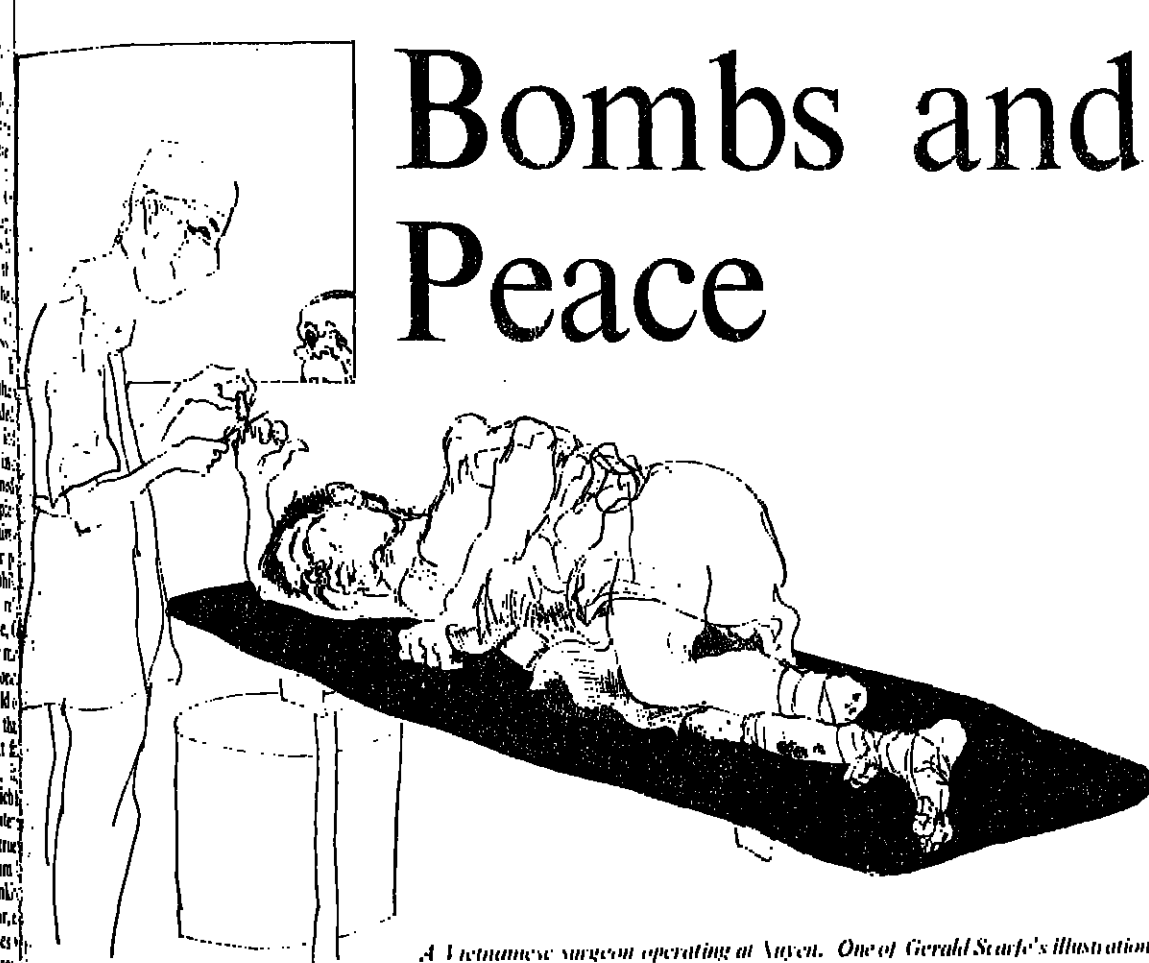
It was not, however, the materialism of D'Holbach's *Système de la nature* that finally got Diderot into trouble. Rather it was Helvétius's *De l'Esprit* (1759), which enlarged the sensational philosophy of Locke into complete utilitarianism. People suddenly saw that something new and terrifying was being said. Men were only guided by desire for pleasure and escape from pain; morality was, in the last analysis, only self-interest, which is what Mme. du Deffand meant when she said that Helvétius had betrayed everyone's secret. The salons were prepared to discuss this idea and Bentham was to develop it into a working philosophy in Britain. In the pre-Revolutionary period the *Encyclopédie* was condemned as the vehicle of this most anti-social and dangerous opinion.

Some years earlier Palissot, one of the enemies of the *Encyclopédie*, suggested that it was becoming something like a church. "At the front of certain philosophic productions one may observe a tone of authority and assurance that, until now, only the pulpit has exercised." This comment was premature, but far-sighted. Something like a new religion was being built up. The road to perfectibility was being cleared by the *Encyclopédistes*, though it was not until the French Revolution itself that the utopia to which men believed they were moving

through their acceptance of liberty and fraternity was envisaged.

It was the youngest of the *Encyclopédistes*, Condorcet, who most clearly saw the picture which men needed if they were to attain a rational religion without any mental doctrine. According to the story, man had been originally fallen from grace, but had been rescued by the *Encyclopédistes*, in discovering the truth. He had found an alternative to the "Savage", had found an alternative to the "Idiot", and in the new psychology had shown the possibility of progress, education and scientific knowledge. It did not provide an alternative to the philosophy of history, so that the might feel that he had a part to play in a happier world. Turgot, who outlined in a series of stages leading to a happy, nearly achieved this and Diderot was inspired by the idea of working for "Posterity", he said, "is for the philosopher the Other World is for the priest. Under the shadow of the guillotine, he wrote of a wonderful future for man, he is freed from the chains of ignorance, superstition. He believed in a world of virtue and happiness and argued that contemplation of a philosopher might be a consolation "for the errors, crimes, which still soil the earth and of which self is often victim. It is in the contemplation of this picture... that he finds his true sense for virtue". In this asylum of imagination, "he can forget man's ruptured and tormented by greed, fear, is in this asylum that he truly lives, fellows in a heaven which his reason created, and which his love of humankind, bellishes with the purest joys".

This was the vision of progress which would satisfy a few philosophers, the mass of mankind in the next century would not, whether they still believed in God or not, that he had promised a better future awaited us. The view was generally accepted in the next century and was not essentially changed. Marx, even though he interpreted it as a struggle of classes and envisaged only after revolution. The essential of identification of the individual with the social process; one could be in harmony with world movement and look forward to a better future, at any rate for one's children's children. Though Condorcet remained the accepted faith of the century, it was this belief in a heaven upon earth which inspired the great men of the last century. It was today about our loss of faith, it is men often assume, so much the belief in the Christian heaven above and from which we suffer: it is the confidence in the future of mankind. This faith in progress held the field in the French Revolution at least until the World War and, with many, until the 1960s. It was only implicit in the *Encyclopédie* that the philosopher of the future, together the scientific knowledge of the past with past superstitions and foundations for belief in progress, their great historical importance.



A Vietnamese surgeon operating at Nyaen. One of Gerald Scarfe's illustrations to Richard West's book reviewed below.

- | | |
|--|---|
| DAVID KRASLOW and STUART H. LOORY:
<i>The Diplomacy of Chaos.</i>
248pp. Macdonald. 25s. | JOHN GERASSI:
<i>North Vietnam.</i>
200pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.5s. |
| P. J. HONEY:
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<i>Sketches from Vietnam.</i>
159pp. Illustrated by Gerald Scarfe. Cape. 38s. |
| MICHELLE RAY:
<i>The Two Shores of Hell.</i>
181pp. John Murray. 30s. | |

bombed the talks of the left hand, the fingers of which were too weak or too idle to trouble the head, who was weekending with Dean Rusk in Texas. When the first damage was done, people did not know what to do, so it was done again. "You will never get the inside story," said a close associate of the President, "because it makes our government look so bad."

The story of this "futile and puzzling exercise", the Marigold initiative, has been known in part since the middle of 1967. In recounting it in what detail they can, and their careful research is evident. Mr. Kraslow and Mr. Loory give other illustrations of the difficulties inherent in the American governmental system. In 1968, they conclude, and the same question applies to 1969:

Can the United States achieve a more satisfactory settlement in Vietnam than might have been obtainable a year before, or even earlier?

If the Nixon administration is to do better than that of President Johnson, it must clearly learn the Marigold lesson—that bad mechanics can destroy good intentions, and perhaps also that a master who does not know his own mind can be frustrated by a servant who does.

Dr. P. J. Honey's *Genesis of a Tragedy* is a short background book, useful for the names and dates of Vietnamese history, dealing in adequate outline with the early period, the era of partition in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, French rule, and the struggle for independence during and after the Second World War. The author is less impartial in his final ten pages, which deal with Vietnam from 1954 up to President Johnson's limitation of the bombing early in 1968, doubtless concluding that when events and their causes are much in dispute, it is best in a book of this compass simply to state one's own views.

Dr. Ralph Smith, his colleague at the University of London and African

Studies, would not always agree with him. In *Vietnam and the West*, Dr. Smith seems to pose a question which has not been asked quite in this way before: after its collective failure in Vietnam, what credit can the West expect to have in the Orient in future for almost any element of its civilization except its technology? The author, who is a lecturer in South-east Asian History, sees the problem as much "in cultural" as in political terms. Can there ever, he asks, be mutual comprehension between East and West? The gap in modes of thought seems indeed unbridgeable. He has written a thoughtful, impressive book—it is unduly modest to call it an essay—which needs careful reading.

Reconciliation of their traditional concepts with the demands of progress on the western pattern has never been easy for the Vietnamese. "The philosophy of harmony derived from China was challenged by the philosophy of achievement brought by the Europeans." The conflict showed in their initial attitude to French rule: progress by collaboration versus the maintenance of the national spirit. Under the French they could not have found the solution propounded for the Thais by one of their great kings—learn from the West but do not copy it; assimilate from it, not into it. For the Vietnamese the debate went on. Their monarchy "fossilized by French protection", they had no focus for their nationalism which, fragmented village by village, a level from which the French administrators were far removed, lived on in resistance to them. Dr. Smith traces the origins and growth of Vietnamese nationalism, its debts to Chinese political philosophy and to Japanese experience, and its carefully planned takeover by communist leaders, which might not have been successful but for the necessity of 1945-54 to resist the French by force.

The reader is continually stimulated. To pursue only one of Dr. Smith's ideas: the separation of life

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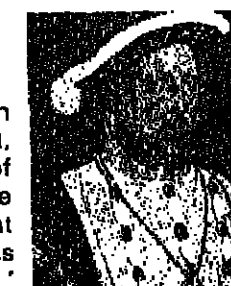


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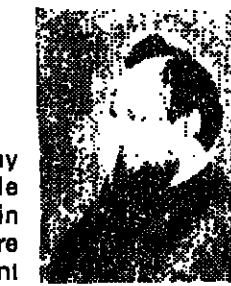


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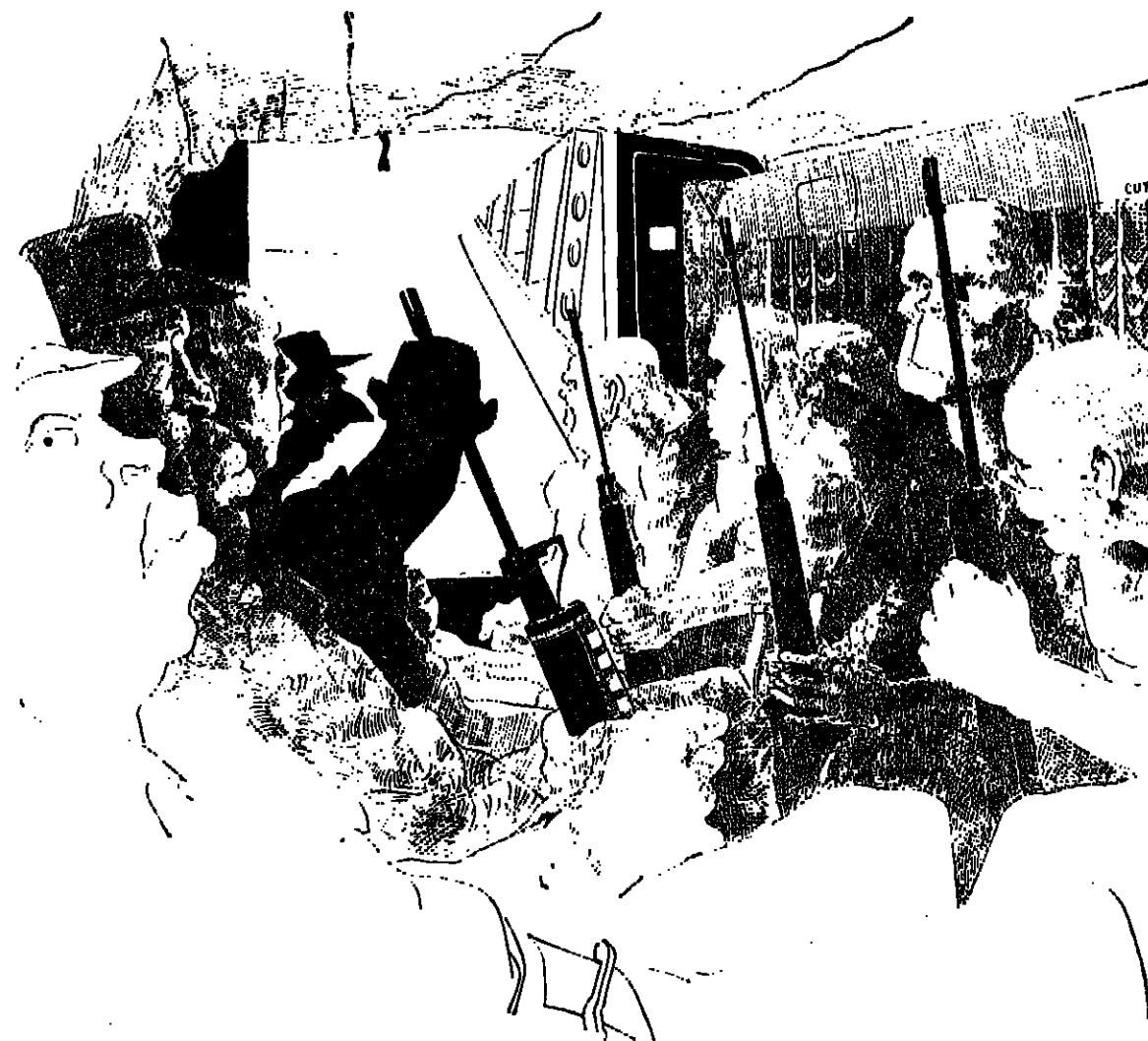
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American soldiers in a transport plane. Another illustration by G. M. Gompertz.

at the village level became one of the important factors in the development of the modern Vietnamese tragedy in its second phase, for it was from the village level, secretly, that the Viet Minh grew. President Ngô Đình Diem realized the gap he had inherited from France, and sought to exert his control by abolishing village elections and penetrating the villages himself. He should have known better. The traditional rulers of Vietnam had not relied on coercion but on the village sense of obligation to "universal harmony". Law had been "less important than virtue", the virtue of leaders reciprocated by the led. Normal western standards of government, democracy, autonomy were meaningless. If the French had been unable to penetrate because of the fundamental gap in modes of thought, Diem, who should have understood, could not conceive his way in. His opponents, communist and non-communist alike, simply wriggled their roots and ruined him.

The Americans, against whom the real charge during the Diem years is one of ignorance, did not understand their enemy of their friend. Ignorance caused them in 1963 to throw over their friend at the very time, as it turned out, when their enemy, changing his policy from supported insurrection to all-out, directed war, was becoming really dangerous.

Save for Malraux and a handful like him in the 1920s, and 1930s, France had not appreciated the impossibility of her mission civilisatrice until brought up against the Viet Minh after the Second World War. The West as a whole still has much difficulty in transcending the cultural differences that separate it from Asia. If, Dr. Smith concludes, Vietnam has a lesson for the West, it is in its demonstration of how badly ill-equipped the West is at present to play any part at all in the East. A century ago the Europeans forced East Asia to respond to the challenge of technological superiority. That superiority still exists and many Asians are still eager to learn the skills and techniques of the West. But politically they have found the measure of Western civilization and power. In place of the old challenge a new one has developed: a challenge from Asia to the West, of different and more complicated kind. Whatever our future aims may be, we can no longer rely upon our own achievements, and superiority being taken for granted by Asians. The Westerner in the East must now be culturally on the defensive: if he wishes either to influence or to help, he must first be prepared to learn.

Some may call Dr. Smith unduly pessimistic. Vietnam is surely the most difficult task. Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, Malaysia are less difficult, and even in Indonesia, with all its tragedy, the West has come off reasonably well.

But we must certainly be prepared to learn. The sad thing is that, when measured against today's need, whether in language, culture or history, there are lamentably few teaching.

One of the results of the western cultural failure in Vietnam is illustrated, strangely enough, in *Hanoi*. Miss Mary McCarthy's account of her visit to Hanoi in March, 1968, astonished at the adequacy of the North Vietnamese medical service, the abundance of doctors, compared with the desperate shortage she had seen in South Vietnam, she discovered that the medical schools were teaching in Vietnamese and not in French, a change that has now begun in South Vietnam but which has already allowed a great expansion of training in the North. "But the technical terms!" she exclaimed. "Yes", was the reply, "we go to Chinese for that". Vietnam, whose court language was Chinese for centuries, and whose popular language, transcribed into a Roman script under the French, owes many words to China, has, of course, the same sort of access to Chinese that certain European languages have to Latin and Greek when technical words are required. The level of this mass medical training may well be lower than that of the West—the Chinese admit as much of their own similar effort—but where doctors are as scarce as they have been in Vietnam, a mass even of nursing orderlies will have an immense impact on the health problem as a whole.

Miss McCarthy's book, like the account of her visit to South Vietnam in 1967, is frankly polemical. She advocates unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam by the United States, and the book is prefaced by an exchange of letters on the subject which arose out of an article she wrote last year. The consequences of such a withdrawal, she says, would not necessarily include a bloody massacre of the "loyal" South Vietnamese: the profiteers, political and other, would escape abroad, but the mass of British and lower-level public servants who have worked under the present government would be equally important to an alternative regime who would be ill-advised to slaughter them. Her visit to Hanoi, before the bombing was limited, was not without incident. She describes graphically the well-organized dispersal of all activity, from schools to factories, which has permitted the North Vietnamese to carry on, and the spirit to resist the all-powerful foreigner, which turns schoolgirls into partisans capable of bringing down hostile aircraft, an incident that Miss McCarthy witnessed.

More obviously torn between the two sides is Michele Ruy, the French journalist who, determined to drive

to the De-militarized Zone and who spent several weeks as a guest of the Vietcong in consequence. In *The Two Shores of Hell*, she writes with sympathy and insight of the American lighting in South Vietnam, who overwhelmed her with kindness and help. But the more interesting part of the book is the section (less than a quarter of the whole) which describes her life with the Vietcong, how they live and how they are organized in their villages. Nobody else from the West has been able to describe what B-52 bombing feels like when you are underneath it in a hole in the ground, and to tell us how it is possible to live in such circumstances: this must be one of the key experiences of the Vietnam war.

Of the other four books under review three have less to contribute. John Geras's *Documentary* is disappointingly little more than a collection of North Vietnamese official statements handed out in connexion with the so-called War Crimes Trial, about American bombing "atrocities", events which are an inevitable part of the pattern of any air bombing offensive. Nobody needs convincing that they are deplorable, as are many other aspects of this war. Dr. Barbara Evans's *Cultures in Saigon*, an account of her year with the British medical team led by her husband which was sent in 1966 to help with the problem of children in South Vietnam, is important as a record of an excellent and little-known British achievement. Dr. Alister Brasse's *Bleeding Earth* is an equally excellent survey of the medical situation in its broader aspects. But in human interest neither comes near Sister Susan Terry's *Home of Love*. The achievement of doctors as doctors would doubtless be lessened by passionate involvement in suffering of the kind which illuminated that book; but it would make their books more readable.

The drawings with which Gerald Scarle has illustrated Richard West's *Sketches from Vietnam*, an amusing and illuminating account of their joint travels through Vietnam, and its war in 1966 and 1967, are brilliant. "The Vietnamese", says Mr. West, "were enthralled by his caricatures of themselves. The Americans, on the whole, were not." One can hardly blame them. The French proprietor of a restaurant who had asked Scarle to paint a mural was so appalled by one quick sketch of himself that he burnt the dinner. Mr. West is an intelligent, penetrating and highly articulate observer, and he has produced a wryly humorous, patient and objective appraisal of what he saw. If anyone still wishes better to understand this appalling war, to whose hideous blood-letting 1969 must surely bring an end, he should not miss these excellent drawings.

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SPIDERS AND FLIES

MURDOCH: *Bruno's Dream*. 293pp. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

von man nicht sprechen kann, aber man muss schweigen. And yet it is such a temptation to say nothing by parable, by symbol, by fantasy, by characters who act in some element of incongruity on levels, like Eliot's guardian angel in *The Cocktail Party*, even if this is the apparatus can only be actively expressed by a platitude in a trumpet of a séance, or, as by something suggesting a tip-version of E. M. Forster's tipsy message "Love is God".

Most of the "apparatus" is here the insect, but Iris Murdoch, except the insect, but Iris Murdoch's new novel contains some of the best observed and most fully felt passages that have been written. These are almost prompted by the compassionately central figure, Bruno, an old, long man made unightly by physical decay. Grieving for his long life wasted and muddled and mistakes and betrayals, yet clinging tenaciously and sadly to existence, he lies up in his shabby London house on the river, surrounded by scholarly books about spiders, creatures on he loves and has tried (and failed) to study seriously. He also has, as a legacy from his father, a collection worth £20,000 which he has uselessly kept against a rainy day (when the "rainy day" finally comes the collection is destroyed in the resulting floods).

The spiders, like the stamps, are the apparatus. They scampers the corners of Bruno's battered room, spinning webs and catching flies. Bruno himself looks more principal at the hands of a spider; his huge, deputy, Terence Wheeler's head is attached to a tiny light English writer of exceptional ability. Jan. 23. 25s.

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thing he had so completely mislaid", and on the intensity of his individual consciousness, so soon to end. "and no one would ever know what it had really been like". To the same region of feeling belongs Iris Murdoch's portrayal of the sadder and weaker of the figures who move in and out of "Bruno's dream", especially perhaps the weak, modest, amiable Danby, Bruno's son-in-law, who runs the family printing business, while sorrowing for his dead wife, Bruno's daughter Gwen. Bruno is also cared for by the good-natured Adelaide, an appealingly muddled maid, in whose arms Danby finds some consolation for his loss, and by Nigel, who is on one level a nurse and on another a kind of ministering angel. He belongs to one of the author's least attractive bits of paraphernalia, that is, the ambiguous god-from-the-machine, who instigates events, is usually somehow associated with a topical "delinquency" (in this case the taking of trance-inducing drugs) and is possessed of strange powers in which mysticism, masochistic suffering and malice combine. Other characters include Bruno's estranged son Miles, whose failure as a poet is partly connected with his grief for his dead first wife, the Indian girl Parvati; and Lisa, sister of Miles's second wife, who was formerly a nun and is now a teacher and social worker.

All the characters are bereaved, lonely and lost, their deprivations fore-shadowing the final deprivation

which Bruno faces alone in his upstairs room. Then lives seem to be over, his mistakes, committed long ago, fatal. But one after another they are forced out of their isolation, renewed and reinvigorated by the power of love. This power is quite arbitrary. Nothing explains it, and there is no causal connexion between the moment when, say, Danby is humdrumly content with Adelaide and the moment when he falls into the tormenting ecstasy of his feeling for Lisa. Love is, says Nigel, "our only significant activity". Love knows no age-limit: Danby and Miles, who also falls in love with Lisa, are about fifty, the girls are not youthful, and Bruno—who also benefits from its transfiguring force—is about ninety. Love is associated with death, which it also transfigures: Love and Death, Eros and Thanatos, are the two terrible angels.

Whether the author makes us believe in the universally triumphant working of this absolute and splendid power is another matter. What remain most vividly in the mind at the end of the novel are not the fairy-tale transformations but the old man on his death-bed and some thrilling bits of narrative—the abortive duel on the Thames foreshore, the Thames floodlides pouring into Bruno's old house in a serio-comic climax recalling the diverting baptismal adventure during the rainy season at Mau in Forster's *A Passage to India*. It would be agreeable to think of this as a timely tributary salute from one celebrant of "love" to another.

BYGONE SPLEEN

RICHARD HALEY: *The Saturday People*. 252pp. Heinemann. 30s.

The Saturday People is set in the mid-1950s and seems less like a nostalgic glance backwards than something written at the time and then overlooked for fifteen years. Its laboriously produced "freshness", the references to Trud and Colin Wilson, the way that the noun "bourgeoisie" is made to seem newly minted, this sort of thing causes the novel to seem dated. So the reader is not likely to be surprised to learn that one of the principal characters is a slovenly photographer who treats his women like dirt, his friends like lackeys and lives in a modish muddle while remaining brutally honest and socially conscious. He is, of course, an Angry Young Man—that fabled phenomenon, once thought to be extinct but here raising a tattered, vituperative head for what must surely be the last time.

Tony Harris, the middle-class narrator of the novel, has fallen in love with Jean Benson, a moody refugee from what she calls "the Spanish Burgundy mob". Tony's uneventful, comfortable and ingeniously philistine way of life makes a pleasant change from all the earnest youths in dufl-coats and everything seems to be going reasonably well, until Tony introduces her to the photographer we all love to hate. Jean hates him, too, of course, and anyone well-versed in the "Angry" myth will realize that this bodes ill for the naive Tony. As expected, the book proceeds, rather woodenly, to a conclusion which leaves everyone a little wiser and a little sadder.

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THE SENIOR SERVICE AND THE SENATORS

WENT DAVIS: *The Admirals' Lobby*. 329pp. North Carolina University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 11s. 6d.

which Professor Davis has managed to break through the "silence barrier" with a success that would cause envy in a British breast, there is material for very different discussions. If Mr. McNamara is downgraded, so is Admiral Mahan, whose influence resulted in the disastrous assumption that "if enemies came, they would come singly and be fought singly." Professor Davis is a lucid and often elegant writer as he has done for the American Navy; what it has been unable to do for itself, make the landlubber acquire sympathy and often empathy with

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DECLARING THEIR INTEREST

T. S. SIMON: *Social Science and Social Purpose*. 241pp. Constable. £2.28.

In the 1960s social scientists, and particularly sociologists, have found themselves plunged once more into passionate debate about the place of value judgments in their disciplines. The controversy has been provoked in the main by a revival of radical thought in the universities (borne along most visibly by the student movement), and it has already swept away in a flood of criticism the comfortable and once fashionable doctrine of the "end of ideology", not least in its birthplace, the United States, where militant students and Negroes are busy demolishing the intellectual and political consensus of the 1950s.

Lord Simon's *Social Science and Social Purpose* comes, therefore, a propos, with its declared intention of examining "what contribution the social scientist can make to the understanding and solving of social problems and how he is concerned with the values implied in the very nature of the problems themselves". Yet in the context of present intellectual discontents and political protests it is a disappointing work, which conveys an impression of regarding the social scene from very far away, from the Victorian world of Charles Booth and L. T. Hobhouse. This is not to deny the interest of Lord Simon's survey of some historical aspects of the controversy about value judgments and objectivity in the social sciences, which occupies a large part of the book.

His chapters on sociological empiricism in Britain and the United States, on the value dispute (*Werturteilstreit*) which brought Schöller and Max Weber into conflict in the German Association for Social Policy, and on the more recent debate about the "end of ideology", are informative and useful. But he omits too much which is of urgent concern to the present generation. The dispute within Marxism about theory

and *praxis* is entirely ignored, and so there is no reference to the influential critical writings in which Sartre, Althusser, Adorno, Marcuse and others have undertaken to revise Marxist ideas on the relations between theory, values and practical life.

Similarly, for all the attention which he pays to Max Weber's contribution to the value dispute in Germany in the early years of this century, Lord Simon fails to notice the renewal of the controversy, which received a fresh impetus from the Weber centenary meeting of the German Sociological Association in 1964, or to say anything about the important critical essays which Dahrendorf, Schelsky and Habermas have contributed to it. When he reviews the course of American social theory Lord Simon observes the emergence of a critical sociology in the work of C. Wright Mills, but he pays no attention to the much more widespread intellectual dissent of the 1960s in which some of the major themes are the rejection of *Wertfreiheit*, the assertion of personal moral and political commitments, and the exposure in a quasi-Marxist fashion of hidden ideologies in the work of those social scientists who have claimed to be "value-free". An American cause célèbre, Project Camelot, which has given rise to one of the most interesting debates since the Second World War on the social and moral responsibilities of social scientists, gets no mention at all. This inattention to the profound changes which have been occurring in social thought in this decade, and still more the lack of any detailed analysis of actual instances in which value judgments clearly influence theory or research (for example, through the modes of sponsoring and financing social research) enhances the abstract and remote character of the book. These deficiencies in Lord Simon's

historical survey could more easily be excused if the second major subtext of his book, namely the logic of the relations between fact, theory and value judgments in the social sciences—were treated in a rigorous and illuminating manner. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Lord Simon sets off, in his introductory chapter, by distinguishing three respects in which values enter into the subject matter of the social sciences: first, as facts of social life which can be observed, described and analysed; secondly, as elements in human behaviour which can only be fully apprehended by means of a sympathetic understanding of men's purposes and reasons for acting; thirdly, as factors which influence the social scientist's own study of society, and may lead him to choose one set of problems or one hypothesis rather than another or may affect even the theoretical conclusions at which he arrives. These distinctions are familiar and they were formulated in various ways by Max Weber. Lord Simon enters into the heart of the problem through an analysis of Weber's arguments, but his exposition is far from clear, moving as it does abruptly from one aspect of values to another, and ending with an ambivalent assessment in which Weber's thought is condemned as being "so confused as to deny him any vision of the way ahead to a more effective comprehension of the epistemological crisis of our age", yet praised for its triumph in showing how to "educate judgment about practical affairs".

Occasionally Lord Simon allows that the crucial problem is not the fact that values and valuations are an integral part of social life and in this sense inescapable objects of inquiry, for this is a commonplace, but whether or not the values of the social scientist himself do or should enter, in some clearly specifiable way, into his inquiries and explanations;

and if this is so, whether the diversity of values means that the attempt to interpret social phenomena in a comprehensive way will always result in conflicting and irreconcilable doctrines. Another aspect of the same question concerns the competence of the social scientist to apprehend and judge the values of those whose behaviour he studies. Lord Simon assumes such competence; he asserts, at an early stage of his argument, that social scientists "must perceive, examine, describe, and assess the truth and importance

of the values which characterize a part in the life of the daily life of societies", and in his conclusion he states that the most important business of the social scientist is to "examine, appraise, and judge the values of those whose behaviour he studies. Lord Simon does not demonstrate, by a new social theory or epistemology, any power to do this, and he does not presume to judge the other men's values.

LIBERAL SOLUTIONS

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS: *The Learning Society*. 142pp. Pail 30s.

Robert M. Hutchins is a famous name in American education and now, as chairman of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* editorial board and as head of the Centre for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, he still plays an important part in forming opinion. In this book he defines the liberal rather than the radical approach to educational problems in the United States. He explains why education increased in popularity during the 1950s and discusses its alleged connexion with economic growth and social change. He then talks of the problems of allocating different people to different parts of the education system. He concludes that the aim of education for all should subsume the education of an elite, that is to say that high quality education should be open to all. He implies that liberal education, by which presumably he means an interest in the humanities, is dying because it has been identified with the education of an elite.

In this context, Mr. Hutchins describes what he regards as education for all which was developing new technologies, and which would be the old institutions of elite education. In the end, however, he reverses his position by coming out in favour of a "nominal university as a university" which Dr. Clark Kerr has called "the new university". It is what he thought about. It is with the admirable object of providing the future English teacher with exact and well-formulated guidance on what to feel where Mr. Jon Evans has compiled this book. There are no phrases left but hack-neyed ones to describe the passion for

travel

EVANS (Editor): *Around: A Book of Travels*. 557pp. Gollancz. £3.38.

has observed that travellers generally when they arrive at any place of extraordinary interest, find the right of feeling coming over them at the proper moment. I never find any difficulty in Italy; for there, in the beautiful interlarded with information about hotels, post-roads and the price of washing linen, the reader may find prepared for him almost every possible situation and get from a walk in the Coliseum by night to a puppet-show at San Gino in Naples.

quotation is from *Incidents of my life in Egypt, Arabia, Petraea and Italy* by a Mr. J. L. Evans, about which and about Mr. Evans gives no further information, although on internal evidence it seems to have been written some time in the middle of the nineteenth century. He was there, as kind of a contemporary of Reverend Francis Kilvert, who is a very different view. "If there is one thing more hateful than a large sentimentality for a clergyman," he recorded in his diary "it is being told what to think". Mr. Stephens was complaining that, for the lack of a guide to Palestine, he was thrown on his own resources and quite unable to write what he thought about the Holy Land. It is with the admirable object of providing the future English teacher with exact and well-formulated guidance on what to feel where Mr. Jon Evans has compiled this book. There are no phrases left but hack-neyed ones to describe the passion for

"around" which has raged for twenty years now among all classes and shows no signs of abating. Adding another Christmas tradition to holly and plum-pudding, thin newspapers fill up their pages at the holiday with "Travel Supplements". The road from Wigan Pier no longer leads only to the Costa Brava but to Sicily and Greece; even the Euxine at last serves its name and packaged holidays by charter plane reveal that the Black Sea has golden beaches. Whether all minds are broadened by travel is open to question, but undoubtedly if the process takes any grip at all it is much assisted by reading up beforehand. "Of all noxious animals," says the compulsively quotable Kilvert, "the most noxious is a tourist; and of all tourists, the most vulgar, ill-bred, offensive and loathsome fly at them." Harsh and unfair even for a century ago, the judgment is plainly too extreme for the modern tourist, especially for one enlightened by such studies as these.

The scope of the anthology embraces all Europe and all four shores of the Mediterranean, to see which, according to Johnson, is the grand object of travelling. The authors, English-speaking and foreign, include both professionals and amateurs, the latter rather more numerous. There is Edward Lear on Petra and Albania. Ruskin on Florence, Robert Swire on Lecce and Southey on Lisbon. Humorous range from Mark Twain to S. J. Perelman, with a roistering luxury on being locked in a Parisian hawkey by Arthur Marshall and a rather wan piece on the perils of an

Italian showerbath by Paul Jennings. There is plenty of fine writing and a good deal of no-nonsense, down-to-earth writing. One great advantage is that the compactness of travel is extended not only in space but in time. Evelyn visits Marseille and is entertained by a visit to the galleys; his next stop is Cannes, "a small port on the Mediterranean". He carried an umbrella against the heat and so, three centuries later, did Lytton Strachey on a disastrous visit to Gerald Brenan in southern Spain.

Some older travellers indeed reveal modern characteristics also. Mrs. Trollope had a travelling companion in the diligence from Aix-la-Chapelle who "made a point of never stopping to look at things" because it would prevent her covering the greatest possible distance in the time available. "like a motorist met in a bar this spring who claimed to have averaged 240 miles a day from the time he left Dover to the time he returned. On the other hand two references to lounging, both connected with Venice, seem more dated in the nineteenth century. Ruskin regretted that "the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful facade of San Moise, and then by the modernising of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians." Baron Bodecker says "pois may be bought for the pigeons from various loungers in the Piazza", adding that "those whose ambitions lean in that direction may have themselves photographed covered with birds".

The prospective traveller wishing to adjust his mental attitudes in advance will sometimes find himself faced with embarrassing choices. "The light of the Acropolis," says Renan, "was like a revelation of the Divine"; to Cyril Connolly it has suggested "a set of false teeth in a broken palate". The differing quality of the writing will no doubt play its part also. Writers on Greece, who are copiously represented, vary enormously in the extracts here given. Dilly Powell on her return to Perachora is piercingly vivid and emotive; Henry Miller—in one of the most tiring specimens of self-admiring prose—makes the literate reader wonder whether it can be worth returning to Mycenae, Spain, one might think, remembering the mystic treatment it received from writers of the 1920s, would be even worse treated, but not so; inspired perhaps by Richard Ford, an extract from whose *Handbook* forms the preface to the section, the writers here show a cool lucidity and a tolerant affection. Italy offers some rather second-rate Lawrence and some thoroughly cantankerous Ruskin, with Henry James to correct him on Florence. Gray, Boswell and Gissing restore the balance. "The Levant and the Arab countries have plenty of Kinglake and Robert Curzon, and E. M. Forster is there on Alexandria. But where is Burton? Too big for the book, perhaps." Anthony Carson and Peter Mayne take his place in the cooler, throw-away modern style; the latter brings the selection to an end with his three naked Arab girls romping on the Moroccan beach.

It is a pity that there is not more information given about the authors and the dates of their books. Byron and Dumas we can place, but there are a number of obscure writers whose pieces would gain greatly if they could be accurately dated. The demand would be ungracious on pedantic if the book were less valuable. It is not a mere collection of snippets, amusing or pretentious, illustrating how foreign travel has appeared to good, bad and indifferent writers of different periods; the extracts are long enough and sufficiently self-contained to be worth reading for themselves. The compiler makes it plain at the beginning that he intends to poke some fun at guide books; he has succeeded in putting together an ideal traveller's companion.

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From Macmillan's January List

1917: Before and After

E. H. Carr

This collection of stimulating essays about the Russian Revolution of 1917 was started when the author was invited to give papers and lectures last year on the fiftieth anniversary of the revolution. Its length far outweighs its original purpose and it is now published in full for the first time. The remainder of the essays have been previously published and deal with the revolution from various different viewpoints. 36s

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Trevor Ling

This book outlines the development of Asian and European religious traditions and institutions and offers an interpretation of their present significance and potential for the future life of humanity. The basis of the study is an historical correlation from about 1500 to the present day. 80s Papermac 30s

Macmillan

WILDLY OSCILLATING

DRUSILLA BEYFUS: *The English Marriage*. 162pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

Twenty-two married couples, six wives, and an errant husband talked into a tape recorder. The tapes were edited to make a series of articles for the *Daily Telegraph Magazine*. It is a great pity that in making a book of them Miss Drusilla Beyfus did not study some similar surveys and present her material with the scholarship suggested by the title.

Although some of the couples were recorded separately, their confessions are interesting as if they were talking to one another. This makes much of the dialogue sound like a Moral Rearmament meeting for the hard of hearing. We are told a questionnaire was used, but what it asked is kept secret. This wicked omission was perhaps prudent, even professional sociologists spend a good deal of time questioning each other's questionnaires.

We listen to "Adrian... A painter and a poet whose work is known to a growing and critically receptive audience," and "Alexander... He is long-haired, dresses as an exquisite, and his family is listed in Burke's *Landed Gentry*". They are all seen like people in synopses: "A young wife has reached the end of a whole phase in her emotional life. She has fallen in love, married and produced a baby. At this stage, she is able to assess the oscillations of her emotional seismograph." Everyone talks in character:

"I read a screw every so often and like to get it over with and cheerio. But men don't expect a woman to feel like this, you can't. You get yourself horribly tied up. So I masturbate. This serves."

These words come pat from the right member of the cast—"An emancipated girl, highly conscious of her own sexuality". But were the other characters asked the question that drew this answer? If so, were they silent, or did they lie? Kinsey devoted 150 pages of his first volume

—almost a quarter of the text—to explaining how his information was obtained and interpreted. Miss Beyfus does this on one evasive page.

Many marriages can only be explained if we regard them as re-enactments of childhood situations. No marriage, good or bad, can ever be understood without some information on the adolescence of both parties, their relationships with their siblings, and a picture of the marriages of both sets of parents. Miss Beyfus gives us too many details of daily routines and far too little of the personal histories that largely determine not only what we do, but also what we think of what we are doing. If we can no longer take seriously a novel that ends with marriage and happiness-ever-after, so today we really cannot accept the notion that marriage begins with getting married.

Many things are well said, with the refreshing confidence that comes of ignoring the number of times they have been said before. Sex is generally enjoyed, nappy-washing is disliked. Children seem so irritating to many couples that a revival of child labour might be a popular measure. Lord Longford thinks pre-marital sex is disgusting, and must therefore find himself in the awkward position of a legislator and a Catholic of feeling disgust for nearly half the adult population. There is a touching description of the ending of physical love from a wife in her seventies, and some warm and monologues from uneducated people—generally ex-lit—their themselves much better than the smarter couples, who make much use of debased psychological jargon.

"Priority of children... the sex imperative... the class inage... mixed by the touting jacket, and feeling overcharged for admission, we are disappointed to find inside an average Woman's Hour programme with some recently de-

WHAT MAKES THEM TICK?

VANCE PACKARD: *The Sexual Wilderness*. 553pp. Longmans. 36s.

Mr. Vance Packard reminds us that most of those rather surprising people in the Kinsey Report are now grandparents—and sadly sinking, no doubt, in line with the Master's tables, to a median frequency of 0.2 times a week. What has happened since Kinsey took the lid off, and what effect is the new permissiveness having on the young? Finding the material thin, Mr. Packard set up his own enquiry. He does not tell us who paid for it, and the scale of his operation would be envied by many a researcher into less spectacular subjects.

He read published material that, if put in one stack, would have risen thirty feet high. He employed twelve translators. He talked or corresponded with several hundred people "recognized as authorities on the male-female relationship". They included that well-known pair at Washington University who have spent some years photographing his wife who observe from their house colts, of couples on the beach; a gallery of authorities who sometimes, approach caricature. Like sociologists Blood, Wolfe and Rainwater, and marriage guidance counsellor Emily Mudd. As with most dedicated researchers, it never occurred to Mr. Packard for a moment that he might be being a nuisance and a bore, and he sent out questionnaires to 2,100 junior and senior students at American colleges and universities and to several smaller groups in Europe.

Some of us, remembering our own attitudes to love and sex and marriage when we were eighteen or twenty, may question the gravity with which Mr. Packard considers the replies. Anyone familiar with university life must wonder whether sociologists have ever actually watched the scene when students have been asked to

forms. Is it blasphemous to imagine a beery and hilarious group handing round a ballpoint pen at night to tick the answers with something less than the investigator's solemnity?

Do you wish there was less stress on "coolness" and more on sentimental romanticism of the essentially old-fashioned type in today's dating relationships?

Yes—No—Have not thought about it—

This is the kind of sociology that is almost indistinguishable from market research. Half the American sample ticked "Yes". This may encourage a revival of the Crinoline Lady in television commercials. It is difficult to see any other practical application.

Mr. Packard was on more respectable ground when he investigated behaviour. Though there is the usual discrepancy between what men claim to have done, and what women admit has been done to them, there is evidence that students make more love now than they did in Kinsey's day. This seems to be the result, not of an increase in male venery, but of a rise in female interest. It corresponds, as we might expect, with a marked fall in the use of prostitutes. Things, therefore, may be said to be getting worse—or better, according to taste. We can have masturbation and prostitution; or we can turn a blind eye to a—which may damage people who are pushed into it too early. The one thing we cannot have is the old dream of a lot of Peters and Wendys sublimating it all on the playing fields.

Mr. Packard's attitude to this state of affairs—which most of us, in our —is expressed by the slightly worried frown his face displays on the back of the jacket. It seems reasonable to me that society

teenagers. And for those colleges, it should be outside teenage freshmen.

He justifies this on the grounds that a form of play best be appreciated by those are adults, or close to a statement is rudely contradicted by his survey of Swedish in their thirties, who do sexual aspect of their follows:

Horrid, disgusting, &c. Feel nothing, but no trouble. Have feelings, but no orgasm. Orgasm sometimes. Orgasm practically every one.

Other international comparisons suggest that an up-to-date wicker could save the itinerant lot of fruitless travel. Italy are scarcely worth the way is better; but the though slow of the mark to the serious business thoroughly than anyone else is cause for concern in our to "whipping or spanking" to "being or other intimacy" to have a shocking lead of per cent over other nations whip is useful in England. He come before heart in America in the use of prostitutes. Things, therefore, may be said to be getting worse—or better, according to taste. We can have masturbation and prostitution; or we can turn a blind eye to a—which may damage people who are pushed into it too early. The one thing we cannot have is the old dream of a lot of Peters and Wendys sublimating it all on the playing fields.

Out of this album of quotations everyone will find light entertainment and a social fact that may modify dice. But the anxious follows Mr. Packard's hardly entitled to better regained a position of better

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Votive Offerings

Now that sociology, political science and psychology have sprouted into a substantial light industry in Britain, in a kind of academic Great West Road development, politicians and party managers might fairly hope that one or two of the riddles that bedevil their trade would be well on the way to resolution. They ask for so little. What is it, in Heaven's name, that motivates voters? Is it more useful to plug your party leader, or your issues? And do newspapers matter less in a day of television politics, or are both of doubtful utility? Until such questions as these are answered parties and politicians will have to go on pouring out treasure and misusing their energies in the hope that now and again, here and there, a seed will fall in fertile soil and ripen into harvest at the next election.

Commentary

The real subject of the New Left conference on "The Politics of Communications" last weekend was the communication of politics. It is true that more than a hundred people paid 30s. a head to listen to Mr. Raymond Williams saying first thing on Saturday morning what he has written over and over again, but this was not what they had really come for. Some may have come to listen to new ideas about communications, and some may have come to listen to new plans for research into communications, but most seemed to have come to listen to new proposals for action about communications—action. It was assumed, which would be political and even revolutionary.

Yet this, after Mr. Williams, was perhaps the most disappointing part of the conference. The most stimulating part was surely the attack by Mr. Perry Anderson, editor of *New Left Review*, on the tendency to overrate the importance of what we receive through the mass media and to underrate the importance of what we receive through the personal media of family, school, and work. This point was generally accepted and then just as generally ignored. The object of the conference was to look at the facts about communications in "the context of socialist analysis" and to relate current ideas about communications to "Marxist theory", but in practice most attention was given to what the participants themselves agreed is only the superstructure.

When there was traditional talk about monopoly capitalist control of the channels of communication, one detected a sense not so much of genuine grievance as of guilt-edged references to such new -isms and -ologies as situationism and semiology, modish mentions of such cult figures as McLuhan and Chomsky, and the obligatory use (and misuse) of the vocabulary of modern communications theory—it was then that speakers seemed to be really involved in their subject. Theory is the opium of the intellectuals?

On Sunday afternoon the conference moved "from research to action", but after a few illuminating remarks from Mr. Alexander Cockburn the actual proposals put forward seemed rather trivial, even at times frivolous. And the conclusive comment was made by the audience

For all the academic effort, the answers are a long time coming, as three recent books teach all over again. Mr. Jay G. Blumler and Mr. Denis McQuail, the authors of *Television in Politics*, at one point write with dismay and candour. They say, perhaps with irony, that their investigation into the political impact of television politics on voters in Leeds West and Pudsey during the 1964 general election "doubled our stock of tenable propositions". What they mean is that while a similar survey in 1959 produced one research-supported generalization, television had helped to increase the store of political information available to voters!—their own 1964 survey has produced a second proposition proved up to the hilt: "It showed that television had also helped to boost the popularity of the Liberal Party." Such are the mice brought forth by the mountain in labour.

Mr. Colin Seymour-Ure, a Nuffield man whose log-cabin, new-frontier spirit has taken him to the University of Kent, is too honest to be much more helpful in *The Press, Politics and the Public* about the impact of newspaper politics on readers (although he does not define what the political content of news is, presumably because he does not see that all news is, or is likely to be, political). He reminds us that the conventional view of the press implies that its power can be used predictably and certainly, and then adds: "We cannot easily forecast when a paper will influence its readers, and still less in what direction."

Finally, amid all the fascination of

Mr. Michael Kinnear's maps in *The British Voter* showing the ebb and flow of electoral tides since 1885, we find the blunt admission: "This book does not, and because of the nature of the evidence cannot, say why voters made up their minds."

Nobody who has taken his vows for politics, image-making, and vote-catching could study any one of these three books without having new and useful perspectives opened to view or without losing some of the illusions that give him comfort as he shovels smoke in the Commons, on the hustings, and at his weekend surgery. But when it comes to answering the kinds of questions suggested above the guidance is not merely negative; it is often, for all its statistical and academic trappings, no more than journalistic, and therefore no advance on the wet-finger methods traditionally used by politicians and political writers for telling where the wind lies.

Sociologists and political scientists must make up their minds about their role. They can be scientific and produce statistics; and then leave it to others to take the responsibility for speculation beyond the established facts. Alternatively, they can give up some of their scientific pretensions and come out frankly in the manner of newspaper and television pundits, but pundits who are trained to use different and more refined techniques for collecting data.

What excuse can there be for Mr. Blumler and Mr. McQuail, for example, to gloss their very good scales for leadership images with journalistic assumptions? To quote:

people? which bristles with quite daunting detail. There are the obvious inquiries like "Where should it be situated?" and "What kind of functions and facilities would you wish to find in a Poetry Centre?" though this question is not as straightforward as it looks; to answer it one must puzzle over and possibly delete possibilities such as "overnight accommodation" and "hiring of rooms" but there are also more arcane requests, like "What sort of people might you hope to meet there?" and "Should the Centre be open to all?" It is not, what limitations would you impose?" Such questions may be fun to answer but it is hard to see how Mr. Johnson expects the Centre to act on the information it receives on these two points. Other items which seem fatally conducive to satirical responses are: "Should the Director of such a Centre be a poet? a critic? or other suggestion?" and "what annual salary would you suggest for the Director?" Mr. Johnson's duplicated sheets have the appearance of representing a vigorous quest for useful guidance, but it is doubtful whether the Centre, if it ever comes, will be much the wiser for some of the answers he'll receive.

Those who complain that poems in many current periodicals are merely used to fill up inconvenient gaps at the ends of columns should take heart

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A full-scale critical exploration of the work of one of the great poets of our time. Mr. Kirkham gives close attention to the complexities of Graves' literary history during a poetic career of more than a century but also brings out clearly the nature of his achievement and its contemporary relevance.

Publication 10 March

**The Athlone Press
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This could mean that by Douglas-Horne's lack of a sense of the Conservative press the electorate in 1964 cognitive balance was maintained and that it might better had it not been so. The Labour Party and the press of the Conservative Party.

If the sociologists and scientists are using scientific methods more refined than hunches of politicians and then assumptions of this sort, some intrinsic measure of data. Any edition, in fact, capable of raising an eye at such assumption, and then ing that his reporter pool supporting testimony. In 1964, there was widespread opinion that Sir Alec Douglas-Home was a better man to hold the Commons.

All in all, *Television in the Press, Politics and the Public* and *The Press, Politics and the Public* are again raising questions, setting impossible deadlines, hating his work and himself for doing it. He wrote in all nearly sixty books, of which perhaps seven or eight—mainly the posthumously published poems—could be described as voluntary work. The others were written to order, and at rates that made extraordinary speed necessary (six books appeared in one year, 1911).

At the same time Thomas was reviewing constantly, whatever editors would send him: volumes of *The Press, Politics and the Public* and more, as he established a reputation, books on country life. In 1904 he wrote to Bottomley: "Perhaps the 'man and a landscape' plan as a future for me," it did; a future of reviewing books called *Peeps into Nature's Ways, A Country Diary, and Travels round our Village*, and adding his own titles to that vast Edwardian sub-genre. The English Countryman's Book. His first book of reviews, *The Woodland Life*, and before his drudgery was done he had also written or edited *Beautiful Wales, The Heart of England, The Book of the Open Air, The South Country, The Country, and In Pursuit of Spring*, and had written lives of Tennyson and Browning.

Thomas's nature writing was good of its kind and time—it was accurate in flora and fauna, and made its lightnings sing at the proper season—but it was also decorated, literary, and a bit arch. It was to the great tradition of English nature history that Georgian poetry was to the Romantic tradition—the exhausted end. Thomas himself described his *Heart of England* as "pseudo-natural or purely rustic—Borrow and Tennyson's rusticities," and his harsh judgment will do for more nature-writing of the time than his own—will do for the *Peeps* and *Travels* and *the Heart of England*, and for most of the country poems in *Georgian Poetry*. The whole lot expresses that Edwardian desire to keep English traditions alive beyond their time that finds in so many aspects of the new period (in the House of Lords, for example). Faith in England and faith in Nature had become conventions, charms to hold the twentieth century at bay.

Thomas's books on Tennyson and Browning are still worth reading because he cared for his subjects, and to a degree identified with them, but the other literary studies—the books on Maeterlinck, Lafcadio Hearn, Swinburne, and Pater—are less worthy. Like his nature books, they were all done hastily and on commission: none of the subjects appealed to Thomas and some he actively disliked. Because he was a conscientious writer, and because he had a deep love of letters, his criticism was never worthless; but the work is essentially Edwardian literary journalism, and though it is better than most of its kind, it is not good enough to survive.

Circumstances compelled him to take whatever work came his way, but he was too serious to write superficially, and too gifted to write badly, and so he made a poor hack. He spent his talents, and even do well. Small wonder, one may think, that he was chronically melancholy, that he took opium, that Thomas's melancholia was more than a consequence of misfortune,

GEORGE THOMAS (Editor):
Letters from Edward Thomas to
Gordon Bottomley.

22pp. Oxford University Press.
25s.

Among British poets, Edward Thomas must surely be unique in that he took up poetry for the first time in his mid-thirties, lived a genuine poetic life in less than three years, and died without seeing a single poem published under his name. "Did anyone ever begin at the shade?" he asked his friend Eleanor Farjeon. Nobody did, except him, and one wonders at the place in his nature, in his life, and in society that pressed him to that brief achievement, so personal, so solitary, and so sure.

The story up to the day in 1914 when Thomas became a poet is the dreary Grub Street history. Married while still an undergraduate, and extremely well to hold, he came to London without money or influence or even parental approval, to support his family as a writer. Inevitably he became a hack (and that the right word), editing, compiling, reviewing whatever came along, meeting impossible deadlines, hating his work and himself for doing it. He wrote in all nearly sixty books, of which perhaps seven or eight—mainly the posthumously published poems—could be described as voluntary work. The others were written to order, and at rates that made extraordinary speed necessary (six books appeared in one year, 1911).

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Thomas's melancholia was more than a consequence of misfortune, but one of the quietest and least

Starting at '36 in the shade' THE LETTERS OF A POET 'WITHOUT JUVENILIA'



Left, Edward Thomas in 1913; right, Gordon Bottomley, from a drawing by John Nash, in 1922.

"I suppose every man thinks that I must have been written for him," he told Eleanor Farjeon, "but I know he was written for me." He had, as he put it, a habit of introspection and self-contempt, and he brooded self-consciously upon his excessive self-consciousness. What he saw, when he examined his own existence, was a life of labour that was both endless and valueless: "Think of the pain," he wrote to his friend Bottomley, "going on living and not being able to do anything but eat and drink and earn a living for 3 people." Many an industrial worker must have felt that pain before and after, but it was a peculiar accomplishment of late Victorian and Edwardian England that it made the life of letters a dark satanic mill for men as gifted as Thomas and Gissing.

The cure for this state was clear: a decent income and a little leisure. Lacking these, Thomas sought help from nerve specialists and medicines and diets; he gave up butcher's meat and tobacco, and sought changes of climate and company. Most of all he sought out that stock romantic dove against melancholy, communion with Nature. Alone, or with his wife or a friend, he went on prodigious walks (often note-taking as he went, since there was usually some nature book to be written) until he had a footpath knowledge of most of southern England and Wales. But all his walking seems only to have proved that Nature will betray the heart that loves her, if that heart is troubled enough and poor enough. Thomas remained a tormented man hating his life and himself, even hating his prodig.

Thomas's private letters during those Grub Street years make bitter reading: they are not so much communications as written groans. A change came into his life; and into his letters, in 1914: "I have given up groaning," he wrote to Bottomley, "since the war began." What Nature could not do, War had done. It may seem odd that so catastrophic an event had raised his spirits, but any one who was young and male in 1939 will recognize the experience; War had taken over, and had liberated individuals from their drab responsibilities. In a nation at war, Thomas's precarious life as a writer was no longer possible; there was almost no work

it seemed, were emigration to America, or enlistment. For a time Thomas did neither, but simply drifted, "letting little scraps of work," he wrote, "that prevent me from quite seriously facing questions." He wrote one substantial book, a life of the Duke of Marlborough, and having finished it, he wrote to Bottomley in June, 1915: "Now I am going to cycle & think of man & nature & human life & decide between enlisting or going to America before I enlist." The next month he enlisted. He served for a time as an instructor of troops in England, was commissioned in the Artillery, and volunteered for service in France. He was killed there in the Battle of Arras, April 9, 1917.

The sense of relief that one finds in Thomas's letters after August, 1914, is partly his response to the release from responsibility that war, and especially service in a war, brings to men. But in Thomas's case there was an additional factor: shortly before the war he had met Robert Frost, who had told him what perhaps anyone might have said, but Frost had to— that Thomas had been a poet all his life. "You are a poet," Frost said, "or you are nothing," and the fact that this was so seems to have affected Thomas as another sort of enlistment; he had joined the armies of poetry.

The effect of Frost on his new friend was instantaneous and striking—the more so if one considers that Thomas had been consorting with poets all his life. He had been exchanging letters and visits with Gordon Bottomley for more than ten years, yet Bottomley had not made him into a poet; he knew many of the other Georgians—Abercrombie, Brooke, de la Mare, Freeman, Gibson, Trevelyan—but none had turned him from his prose life. In less than a year of talk and friendship, Frost undid what Thomas's poetic talent, and showed it how to flow.

What Frost did was simply to show Thomas how one might write verse about natural things without sounding like Thomas's own prose—with one sounding, that is, like *Georgian Poetry*. Thomas recognized at once what he had been given; his review of *North of Boston*, written in June, 1914, begins "This is one of the most revolutionary books of modern times, but one of the quietest and least

aggressive". Further along in the review he spells out what he meant:

These poems are revolutionary because they lack the exaggeration of rhetoric, and even at first sight appear to lack the poetic intensity of which rhetoric is an imitation. Then language is free from the poetical words and forms that are the chief material of secondary education, pomp and sweetness, but the later fashion also of discord and fuss. In fact, the medium is common speech and common decency. . . . Yet almost all these poems are beautiful. They depend not at all on objects commonly admitted to be beautiful; neither have they merely a homely beauty, but are often grand, sometimes magical. Many, if not most, of the separate lines and separate sentences are plain and, in themselves, nothing. But they are bound together and made elements of beauty by a calm eagerness of emotion.

In praising Frost, Thomas was composing his own programme; there is nothing in that paragraph that could not be said of Thomas's own plain and lovely poems.

Though Thomas met Frost in 1913, and saw much of him in the first months of 1914, he did not begin to write poems until the autumn, when Frost had returned to America. Then, with war ahead and his journalistic sources drying up, he could write wryly to Eleanor Farjeon: "One may as well write poems." The poems, once he began, came freely, so freely that he worried whether his "delight in the new freedom" might have led him to write too readily, to "accept intimations merely". In a little more than two years' time, of which most was spent on active, wartime service, he wrote the 141 poems that are in his *Collected Poems*.

Thomas's attitude towards his poems shows how different this new life of writing was for him: the poems were written out of private impulses, and he showed no interest in identifying them publicly with the Edward Thomas who wrote prose about nature. The drafts of poems that he sent to Eleanor Farjeon to be typed were often written out without line-divisions, as prose; Thomas explained that when he copied them out he was among his comrades, and he did not want the other soldiers to know him as a poet. Those few that he sent out to editors went under the name of "Edward Eastaway", and he did not seem troubled when they were rejected. Only a few were published during his lifetime, all pseudonymously.

The pseudonym was necessary. Thomas explained, because people were likely to be prejudiced for or against Edward Thomas—that is, readers would associate the poems with what he had done in prose. By choosing the pseudonym, Thomas accepted the failure of his past, prose-writing self, and buried that self in his name; when he was a poet he was another person. Certainly his friends saw some such transformation take place: the war, Frost observed, "has made some sort of new man and poet of Edward Thomas".

The poems that this new man, "Edward Eastaway", wrote were both new and old. They were new in that they were unlike the fashion of Georgian poetry, and a reaction against it; but they belonged to an old and strong English tradition of nature poetry, and they helped to extend that tradition into the twentieth century. An approximate way of making the distinction clear might be to say that Georgians like Brooke and Abercrombie were poetic "insiders", and that Thomas belonged to the "outsider" tradition. The insiders found their relations with Nature comfortable, and their sentiments appropriate and ready, because they wrote from a conventional intimacy with the natural world. The Georgians, one might say, were poetic recluses, spending the capital that their Romantic ancestors had earned.

The outsider is the poet who approaches Nature directly and without assumptions. He will find there emotions that are colder and stronger than an insider would, and he will make cold, strong poems out of them ("a calm eagerness of emotion", Thomas said). Such poetry is solitary, sometimes fearful, never cosy; it is concerned with darkness and with death, sometimes with violence, and it can be tragic. (The poems of Hardy are full of examples: "The Yellow Deer at the Lonely House" is a good one that resembles one of Thomas's best, "Out in the Dark.") In this poetry, Nature offers no assurances, and only the coldest of comforts; it



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THE ARMY CHURCHILL

IVOR F. BURTON: *The Captain-General*. 230pp. Constable. £2.2s.

It is thirty years since Winston Churchill completed the life of his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough. Thus it is a suitable time for a revision. Churchill's powerful book was a work of art. Dr. Burton is an historian who has specialized in military matters, and he therefore took the decision to re-assess Marlborough's career as Captain-General rather than to offer a complete new biography which would have meant again thrashing over the political intrigues of the reigns of Charles II and James II.

Since Churchill's biography was published, the entire correspondence between Marlborough and Heinsius, the Dutch Grand Pensionary, has been published and admirably edited. It does not seem that Churchill made much use of this correspondence until he reached his fourth volume and even then employed it only sparingly. Also, as Dr. Burton observes, the entire correspondence between Marlborough and his colleague, Godolphin, has yet to be published, though much of it was selected both by Archdeacon Coxe, the best of Marlborough's earlier biographers, and by Churchill's research assistants for publication.

It is not clear that the Heinsius correspondence notably alters the shape of the story, although it does seem plain that Marlborough was pretty frank with him, except that at times he exercised his famous charm to try to induce the Dutch to be more cooperative in the military sphere. Using this correspondence extensively, Dr. Burton concentrates mainly on Marlborough's achievements as commander-in-chief, and has little to say about the winters that he spent in England between the cam-

paigns when he was inevitably sucked into political intrigues at home. Thus Dr. Burton fails to emphasize sufficiently Marlborough's detachment from party politics and his single-minded devotion to winning the war, which Churchill naturally stressed in his biography. Nor is it possible for Dr. Burton to emulate Churchill's crystal-clear delineation of the fighting, which is made easier for his readers by the numerous and clearly marked maps. It must in fact be confessed that the writing of military history is a difficult art; it is tempting to get bogged down in a survey of tactical dispositions and for an author to forget that his readers are not as familiar with the life of the land as he is himself. In succumbing to this temptation and in a somewhat pedestrian style of writing are to be found the weaknesses of this book.

On the other hand, it can be said that Dr. Burton is extraordinarily fair to his subject. He explains how up to 1706 Marlborough skilfully integrated tactics with grand strategy. He also shows how Marlborough was right in seeing that the war could only have been won by a complete victory in the Iberian Peninsula or by a successful invasion of France. Hence, Dr. Burton argues, Marlborough was wrong to underestimate the importance of the Allied defeat at Almanza in Spain in 1707, though he was right in hoping that the combined operation against Toulon would compensate for this. Dr. Burton is correct in arguing that, so far at least as the War of the Spanish Succession was concerned, Prince Eugene of Savoy was an inferior general to Marlborough, but he does not bring out that Eugene was mainly respon-

sible for the fiasco at Toulon on which Marlborough set so much store. After 1707 it is suggested that Marlborough followed a policy of "utter folly" in concentrating on a war of attrition in Flanders and refusing to take the risks of invading France. But, after all, here Marlborough was largely in the hands of his allies; he could not have invaded France only with the troops in British pay and he saw that neither Eugene nor Heinsius was keen on running the dangers involved in such an invasion. Dr. Burton believes that Marlborough was a failure as a statesman and politician because, for example, he went to the House of Commons on the eve of his dismissal "to vote against the government that employed him in favour of a policy he had never believed in, and to devote his speech to defending himself against a charge of warmongering". Still, even politicians are not insensitive; though historians have shown that Marlborough was no warmonger—and Dr. Burton himself proves that Marlborough's personal financial transactions had no bearing on the policies he followed—a great soldier was naturally hurt by the kind of monstrous accusations that were hurled against him by the Tories in 1710-11.

Churchill's biography of Marlborough is unlikely to be superseded for many years to come; but it will certainly be read in a more judicial spirit; and the criticisms that Dr. Burton implicitly makes both of Churchill's accounts of Marlborough's tactics and of his politics deserve to be studied carefully by all who are concerned with this phase of British history.

THE NAVY CHURCHILL

PETER GRETON: *Former Naval Person*. 338pp. Cassell. £2 10s.

If, in the anxious days of September, 1939, there were any informed observers of naval affairs with time for reflection, they must have looked askance at the enthusiasm of the Royal Navy when it heard that "Winston is back". Churchill's previous relations with the Service had been characterized more by conflict and division than by harmony and cooperation. Before 1912, as an advocate of social reform, he had been one of the strongest opponents of naval expenditure. His two years as First Lord before 1914 were full of disputes caused by his pressing of a War Staff on to a reluctant Admiralty and his continual intervention in matters which naval opinion felt were no concern of a civilian.

His wartime conduct of naval affairs produced similar resentments and culminated in the fiasco of the Dardanelles and the disastrous quarrel with Fisher. Between the wars Churchill's behaviour was often completely opposed to naval interests. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was not only highly critical of expenditure but was the leading proponent of the dictum that defence estimates must be based on the improbability of war occurring within the next ten years. In the prolonged and acrimonious dispute over maritime air power the Admiralty could never rely on his support against the Air Ministry. It is the chief merit of Admiral Gretton's book to make possible some understanding of why, in spite of all this, the Navy's welcome to Churchill in 1939 was spontaneous and genuine, and why, in spite of his sometimes seriously mistaken interventions in naval affairs throughout the war, its admiration, sometimes amounting to awe, remained to the end.

It is not clear that Sir Peter himself fully understands the problem. Like many officers, he finds the complex motivation of political ambition difficult to grasp and seems to be puzzled by Churchill's changing attitudes and loyalties. Perhaps he also cannot fully envisage the frustration and impatience aroused in a brilliant

and argumentative mind by the conservatism and lack of dialectical skill of his professional advisers; a situation not unknown in the Ministry of Defence today. But Sir Peter has served on the Board of Admiralty and can identify the qualities which endeared Churchill to the Navy despite all the friction and disagreements. The naval men knew that their First Lord could be relied on to fight their cause in Cabinet and Parliament. They knew that he passionately believed in the Navy's primary role in the country's defence. Above all, they appreciated the energy and enthusiasm which penetrated to every department of the administrative machine and to every vessel of the Fleet. Here was a leader whom, despite his errors of judgment, naval opinion could respect and follow.

Sir Peter has set himself the difficult task of producing a professional officer's judgment on Churchill's complex relationship with the Navy. Most of the facts are well known. Much of the evidence comes from Churchill's own pen. Therefore the problems of relating the story freshly and of supporting judgments convincingly without going over old ground have sometimes defeated him. One valuable new element is his revelation of Churchill's imaginative insight into the social and economic aspects of recruitment and morale in the troubled years before 1914. It could be read with profit by those responsible for such matters today. As is to be expected from an admiral of Sir Peter's experience and intellect, the judgments on the issues of naval strategy and tactics in which Churchill was involved are penetrating and convincing. He errs, however, in writing that in the early years of the twentieth century there was little argument on the importance of protecting sea-borne trade. There was a great amount of argument and considerable detailed planning. But the argument was confused and the planning based on false premises. These weaknesses, which nearly led to disaster in 1917, Churchill did not notice.

ICONOCLASTIC

NORMAN F. CANTOR: *The English*. 525pp. Allen and Unwin. £1.5s.

It is salutary to see ourselves as others see us. Professor Cantor is a Canadian at present teaching at Brandeis University, and this book on English history is based on lectures he gave at Columbia University five years ago. His aim is to present to the general reader an understanding of the course of English political and social history from about A.D. 450 to the middle of the eighteenth century; he projects another volume and has chosen a good place to stop as England was entering the industrial and imperialist age.

Professor Cantor is nothing if not an iconoclast. He begins by reminding us that the British empire is virtually extinct and that England has declined to the level of a second-rate or third-rate power. In what way her past greatness? He suggests that we have built up a system of law and institutions that has allowed human dignity and freedom to flourish. Except for the revolutions of the seventeenth century England has never suffered violent internal upheaval. This is true; but the test will come in our own multiracial age. So far, Professor Cantor is in accord with the great Whig historians, and throughout his book he sympathizes with the Whig view of history; he has a good word to say both for Bishop Stubbs and Lord Macaulay.

In two respects, however, Professor Cantor differs from what is a popular view in English schools (though not necessarily in Oxbridge). First, he emphasizes the discontinuity of English history at the time of William the Conqueror and, secondly, he stresses the continuity of English history between the late Lancastrians and early Tudors. To him William the Conqueror was bound to win because he possessed trained mercenaries and experienced knights; and he rationalized and centralized the monarchy in England in a way that was never possible under the Anglo-Saxons; this was "the first planned society since the Roman Empire". It is right that we should be told once again of the remarkable administrative achievements of William and Henry II; for they were rulers who rose above their age. Nevertheless it is possible that he underestimates the importance of the Anglo-Saxon heritage of which Professor Barlow and others have written.

As for the continuity at the time of the Tudors, again Professor Cantor is right to emphasize the achievement of Edward IV, who certainly succeeded in establishing some measure of peace and security in the land after the upheavals of the fifteenth century. But it can be argued that it was the Battle of Bosworth and not the Battle of Barnet that brought the so-called "Wars of the Roses" to their end; and that the outstanding dividing line in Tudor history was not the accession of King Henry VII but Henry VIII's break with Rome.

Professor Cantor's method of teaching English history—and it is a good one—is first of all to put his readers into the historical picture. Thus in such sections of his book he describes the contribution made by the great historians of the past and then goes on to show what modern historians like Galbraith or

Flon or Dickens or there is almost a surfeit of literary references. He adds to the picture the feeling to find in *The Classic Chinese Novel*, a book that goes beyond the British scholar's problems of translation and ignores the not sold upon the shelves of the pedants in history and he demonstrates, in a way that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader, how by laying emphasis on the conclusions of the scholars are here, historians have given a new, for the first time, a sense of the island story. But he is not a slavish worshiper of the past; he is a man who can feel that critical evaluation is not only good but also necessary. Not only does he not feel that critical evaluation is not only good but also necessary. Not only does he not feel that critical evaluation is not only good but also necessary.

Professor Cantor is a man who has chosen to write a book that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader. He has chosen to write a book that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader. He has chosen to write a book that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader. He has chosen to write a book that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader.

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The author is much more than a mere chronicler. He is a man who has chosen to write a book that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader. He has chosen to write a book that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader. He has chosen to write a book that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader.

FEUDALISTIC CLASSICS

T. H. MA: *The Classic Chinese Novel*. 413pp. Columbia University Press. £4 1s.

There is almost a surfeit of literary references. He adds to the picture the feeling to find in *The Classic Chinese Novel*, a book that goes beyond the British scholar's problems of translation and ignores the not sold upon the shelves of the pedants in history and he demonstrates, in a way that is not only good for the student but also for the general reader, how by laying emphasis on the conclusions of the scholars are here, historians have given a new, for the first time, a sense of the island story.

After 1791, the influence of western literature began to be felt, although the great novels of the Ming and Ching dynasties still had a profound effect on the revolutionary writers of the new China, even in the 1930s. At first, the introduction of foreign literature led the Chinese to condemn their own tradition as the Old Novel and praise the New Novel, the product of western ideas. But pride in the native Chinese genius led to the rejection of these categories under the Communist regime, and the re-emerging of the Old Novel as the Classic Chinese Novel, the name Professor Hsia uses here. Already the ideological pendulum has swung back; since the Cultural Revolution, these novels are once more being denigrated as feudalistic relics "incompatible with the thought of Chairman Mao".

Ideological condemnation is nothing new for the classic novel in China. Indeed, there have been only brief periods when it received any sort of wholehearted approval. The genre was never admitted to be "literature" within the Confucian definition of that category; it had no precedent in the Five Classics and the Four Books which form the Confucian canon, and it was usually written in a mixture of the literary and the vernacular languages. There were even times in the Ming and Ching dynasties when censorship was imposed on works of fiction because of their lack of moral content. By western standards the treatment of sex in some of the novels might be considered somewhat frank. Indeed, *Chin Ping Mei*, the fourth of the novels discussed by Professor Hsia, has been censored as pornography both in the West and in China. But traditionally, it was the failure of the novelist to act as the exponent of Confucian virtues, and those alone, which met with disapproval. If the novelist did have a serious philosophical message it was too often the Buddhist and Taoist message of renunciation. And in many cases the moral theme was no more than the simple notion of retribution rather half-heartedly introduced to provide rewards for the good and punishment for the bad.

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MOTHER GOOSE'S FATHER?

MARC SORIANO: *Les Contes de Perrault*. 525pp. Paris: Gallimard. 36fr.

There is one classic which every French child knows by heart before he goes to school; it is the one which he knows before he has learnt to read, the only one which he will remember even if he does not like reading and does not read it again. This classic has brought many words into current French usage, and created several vivid popular characters; it has won and kept an international readership. It is also one of the least known and least studied texts in the French language.

Now, with all the intellectual equipment of a normal and an *agréé en philosophie*, M. Soriano studies *Contes de ma mère l'Oye*—or what are commonly called the *Contes de Perrault*. Was Charles Perrault in fact their author? From the first page of his weighty study, our assumptions and traditions are questioned. None of the editions of the *Contes* which appeared in the lifetime of Perrault bore his name; indeed, the book is being published under the name of someone who never acknowledged it, and we are dismissing someone who signed the dedication and was given permission to print the book: the mysterious Pierre Darmanecourt, an Academician's son.

M. Soriano's conclusions about the authorship will intrigue the student of the period, and the literary detective. They will be fascinating, too, by his analyses of the tales which he has accepted without question. He dissects each one with the cool purpose of a French academic giving a *lecture expliquée*, and suggests the

significance of alterations, the nature of the symbolism, and the tale's relation to the folklore tradition. Balzac in *Sau Catherine de Médicis* and Littré in his *Dictionary* could not bring themselves to believe in Cinderella's glass slipper: they assumed that the "pantoufle de verre" must be a "pantoufle de vair". But why, asks M. Soriano, should the glass slipper be irrational in a world where mice were turned into horses? If anyone can turn a pumpkin into a carriage, they can also make an unbreakable glass shoe. In the original edition it occurred three times in the text. It was the author's subtle invention, intended to cast an atmosphere of slight irony over his tale. It was meant to counterbalance the orgy of magic.

As for *Little Red Riding Hood*, it is the only one of the *Contes* with an unhappy ending. In certain oral traditions it has a happy ending; but M. Soriano believes that the author of the *Contes* knew of this version and discarded it: perhaps because of a certain taste for nightmares, a tendency to cruelty which may be seen throughout the tale. On the other hand, the author of the *Contes* has suppressed the primitive detail of the child being asked to eat its grandmother's flesh and blood. The *Contes* also omit the mysterious voice which warns the child what it is eating. *The Sleeping Beauty* raises a curious point: in the old version of the tale, the Sleeping Beauty became

ably in this world, not the next. This theme is one of the many importations into the novel from the tradition of the professional story-teller; it is the practice of dividing the story into episodes of equal length regardless of the demands of the narrative. This artificial structure is even allowed to intrude, for example, in the eighteenth-century novel, *The Scholars*, which in other ways shows a highly sophisticated insight into character and technique.

Buddhist priests were among the first to compose short stories, full of miracles and divine intervention, to illustrate their teachings for ordinary people. This element in the origins of the novel is discussed here in its highest expression in *The Journey to the West*, part of which was translated by Arthur Waley as *Monkey*. It was not an element that endeared the genre to the Confucian orthodoxy. If fiction was morally unacceptable, stories of wonders were a thousand times so. Was it not said in the *Annals* that prodigies, feats of strength and spirits were things of which the Master never spoke? It is strange that this Confucian hostility to fiction should itself have contributed to the writing of two of China's best-known novels. But it is probable that Lo Kuan-chung, the author of *The Romance of the Three Kingdoms* and *The Water Margin*, intended to correct by his books the fictional excesses of the story-tellers and restore these traditional themes to something closer to the historic originals. These stories of warriors and kings, outlaws and generals, appear in hundreds of plays, short stories and story-tellers' prompt-books, down to the most popular Peking Operas of the present day. But many of the tales have been excluded from the novels, which by their use and imitation of historical sources often have a somewhat spurious air of historical authenticity.

Apart from his excellent introduction and his studies of the six novels already mentioned, Professor Hsia adds a most interesting chapter on the Ming short-story collections known as the *Sun-yen* and *Shih-shih*. It is, indeed, a pity that the skill in compressing and focusing of interest shown in this story was not imitated more widely elsewhere. But the Chinese novel is, nevertheless, a most exciting and rewarding subject to study, to which this new book will be a valuable guide.

PHILOLOGISTICS

GIANFRANCO CONTINI: *Litteratura dell'Italia unita, 1861-1968*. 1,118pp. Florence: Sansoni. L.6,000.

Anywhere and especially in Italy—no matter what criterion one chooses to adopt, an anthology that includes contemporary writers is bound to give the impression of being something like a wedding feast to which only one's closest friends have been invited. By excluding certain authors, *Litteratura dell'Italia unita* has raised a flutter in the literary dovecotes in Italy. Gianfranco Contini is a widely respected scholar and philologist; in this anthology, his aim, we are told, is to be objective without being neutral—something very tricky indeed and conforming to Contini's own idea of an anthologist's business as being the "piti luciferica del mondo".

The anthology includes a hundred authors from Francesco De Sanctis to Antonio Pizzuto. Each author is prefaced with a brief bio-bibliographical and critical comment. So far as the major authors go, De Sanctis, Carducci, Verga, Pascoli, D'Annunzio, Croce, Svevo, Ungaretti, Montale, Cardarelli, Quasimodo, Pavese, Moravia—they are all assured a larger or a smaller niche in Contini's pantheon. One may here and there question the choice of a particular piece, or, more important, the choice of authors included or excluded.

In this anthology certain authors (for instance, Pascoli) get over-represented, certain others (for instance, Pascoli and Sereni) under-represented, and certain authors are not represented at all. It is the last category that constitutes the most challenging aspect of the anthology, including, as it does, poets like Corazzini, Novati, Onofri, Bontempelli and Solmi, prose writers like Bontempelli and Malaparte, and critics like Puncerzi, Montigliano, Flora and Fubini.

But a more serious criticism is the special emphasis laid on certain authors and the implicit reasons and implications of that emphasis. De Sanctis, Carducci, Pascoli, D'Annunzio, Croce and Cardarelli—each gets a separate section as representing, according to Contini, a crucial phase in the cultural and literary history of the past 100 years. Now, with the exception of Gadda—something of a sacred cow for Contini—no one would quarrel with this short list were it not for the exclusion of Montale. For it is Montale, more than any other writer, who may be regarded, so far as the past forty years of literary and cultural history are concerned, as "the pivot of the epoch" as A. E. Housman said apropos of Wordsworth. Not only does Montale's work represent, to borrow Contini's own words, "la massima punta della contemporaneità", but it also exemplifies, better than any other twentieth-century writer's work, what Contini admires so much in Proust: the "cristallizzazione scientifica per cui la materia meno assistita dalla grazia si compone nella purezza della conoscenza".

An anthology, Contini has elsewhere observed, ought to bring together not names, but types of experience. It seems that the tools and criteria that he uses for assessing and analysing the types of experience and the degree of artistically realized maturity behind them are for the most part philological. In consequence, linguistic experimentalism by itself is often taken as a proof of creative worth or originality. This anthology is therefore of interest not solely as illustrating Contini's personal taste in literature, but also as demonstrating the general relevance of philological criteria as applied to literature by one of the most sensitive and erudite philologists of our times.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF VOLTAIRE/L'ESSENTIEL DES ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES DE VOLTAIRE. Edited by Theodore Besterman, W. H. Barber, J. Ehrard, R. Pomeau, O. R. Taylor, S. S. L. Taylor, J. Verreyse, with the assistance of an international committee. This is the first critical edition ever attempted, and the first of any kind for nearly a century. Bound in buckram. Each work will be available separately (in North America: The University of Toronto Press).

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